

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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INKLINGS ABROAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

A SERIES of untoward circumstances came near utterly cheating me out of my vacation rambles the past summer. I, however, like occasionally to have either a running fight or a pitched battle with circumstances. I have always, as yet, come away from the contest a victor, and better prepared, by the discipline acquired, for the great battle of life. I find occasionally developing in my nature some strange inconsistencies. With a strong propensity to a life of literary seclusion, I find mingled a passion for roaming over the earth in search of the beautiful, the picturesque, or the romantic in nature. Were I to follow my propensity to literary leisure, I should closely confine myself to my sequestered study, limiting my view to the rural landscape immediately around me, and seldom, if ever, mingling with the world on the great thoroughfare of life. Were I to yield to my passion for the beautiful in nature, I should be ever rambling over hill and dale, mountain and valley, dallying for a time in shady glen; then climbing the mountain summit; then roaming over the plain, or following the devious meanderings of the streamlet, or coasting along the indented shores of the ocean. I think, on the whole, my propensity is stronger for a life of physical activity than for one of literary confinement. It may be that this is only an instinct of my nature, designed to secure that physical exercise, without which life to me would be brief and of little value. So, whatever may be the confining force of circumstances, I must occasionally break away, and recruit my energies, exhausted by confinement to mental labor, by a few days of free and romantic rambling. On such occasions I care little for promiscuous society. It is true, I sometimes most unexpectedly meet an old acquaintance, or very opportunely form a happy new acquaintance, thereby increasing my resources of enjoyment. But generally the company of one friend of congenial spirit is sufficient for all purposes of society. I never pass over a route of travel, or look on a natural scene, however familiar

it may be to me, without receiving impressions of beautiful pictures, which remain fadeless on the memory. Some such scenes, presented in my last excursion, I may attempt to describe.

SCENERY OF THE MIAMI.

I had never, till my last summer excursion, passed up the valley of the Miami; nor did I ever dream of such scenes of exquisite beauty as float before the vision of the traveler, as he dashes along the railway.

Leaving Cincinnati from the depot of the Hamilton and Dayton railroad, we crept by a winding way out of the city, and soon found ourselves amid scenes of surpassing loveliness. The morning was rainy; but neither the rain which fell on the thirsty earth, nor the mist which shrouded the landscape, occasionally rising to disclose the hillsides, detracted from the beauty of the scene. Did ever human eye look on a vale more beautiful than that of the Miami? To describe it is impossible. To be appreciated it must be seen. No pen, no pencil, can give an idea of the luxuriance of the fields, and the exquisite and elegant bowers of trees and shrubbery scattered over the landscape. Reader, reader of the city, the Queen City of the West, have you yet neglected to make an excursion over this beautiful scene? Are you aware that within an hour's distance of your home there may be found rural scenes and landscape views for which the traveler may in vain look even in far-famed Italy or classic Greece? There is, reader, if you have not yet been over that scene, reserved for you a feast of luxuriance and of pleasure. And if you have been over it, you may, with renewed pleasure, go over it again, and still again; nor will it ever become to the eye of the lover of the beautiful commonplace or uninteresting.

THE MAD RIVER RAILWAY.

I have often been over the Mad River and Lake Erie railroad, and I never have failed to enjoy the excursion in a high degree. I know not what it is which makes the route so pleasant. I can not describe the combination of circumstances which make up the amount of pleasure. The scenery is not remarkably interesting, nor has the road been free from disadvantages arising from the want

of the heavy T rail, and from the necessity of frequent repairs; yet the day has always passed pleasantly. The agreeable sensations of which I am conscious may be owing to the perfection and completeness of the arrangements for avoiding accidents and detention; the quiet, regular, and equable progress of the cars; the civil and orderly character of the people who frequent that route; and the accommodating and gentlemanly deportment of the conductors and hands employed by the Superintendent in running the trains. The Superintendent of that road is one of the most efficient railroad managers in the west. With his efficiency and enterprise of character he combines a liberal, generous, and magnanimous spirit. Under his able administration the affairs of the road have assumed an order and system attained by few railroad corporations in the country. Nearly the entire line has been remodeled, the flat rail with which it was first built being removed, and the most approved heavy rail substituted. A new line has been constructed from Tiffin to the Lake, greatly shortening the distance and the time. Before long, perhaps before you read these rambling sketches, the new arrangements for the whole line will be completed. When this is done, you can find no route from the Ohio to Lake Erie more pleasant than by the Miami and Mad River roads. The towns along this line are flourishing and beautiful. None more beautiful than Dayton, and Springfield, and Urbana may you see in the west. Of the smaller and newer places, there are some perfect gems between Cincinnati and Dayton, and some fresh and thriving north of Urbana.

The country scenery, as we have already observed, is not generally of special interest; yet there is considerable variety. Along the Mad River we pass over several wild savannas, waving in the season with tall grass, and pastured by innumerable flocks and herds. North of Bellefontaine we plunge into a wild and dense forest, unbroken except where a site seemed necessary for a village to accommodate the increasing business of the railroad. Toward the Lake we reach a region of small prairies and open groves, with frequent villages.

The several journeys I have made over that road have left nothing but pleasant memories in my heart—memories of agreeable company, of polite attentions, of easy journeyings, and of quiet enjoyment.

LAKE ERIE.

The scenery about the Lake differs greatly from the scenery of the ocean shore. The Lake shore is less wild, less romantic, less grand, but more cultivated, more beautiful, and more homelike, than the sea-shore. The Lake itself reminds one little of the ocean. Although you may be floating far out from shore, even out of sight of land, yet you would not, in your most abstracted reverie, imagine yourself at sea. There is wanting on the Lake the heavy surge, the deep swell, the mountain wave of the ocean.

The passage over the Lake is generally pleasant. The steamers are large, clean, well furnished, and well ordered in all their arrangements. The boarding and the lodging are as good as you could desire, or could expect even at the city hotels. The Lake, whenever I have had the luck to make passage over it, has been tranquil and smooth as some cozy fountain sequestered among the hills. It is pleasant to sit at evening on the open deck, and look out on the still waters, as your steamer glides along. It is pleasant to rise from your bed in the quiet night, and, while all around you are sealed in sleep, look out on the moonlit waters. It is pleasant to rise at early morn, just as the dawn streaks the east, and watch the crimson glow, increasing in compass and in intensity, till the sun, uprisen from the waters, appears in full view. It is pleasant to sit in the spacious cabin of the magnificent steamer, and quietly read or pleasantly converse with a friend, while you are rapidly borne along toward your place of destination. It is pleasant, when the boat stops at some one of the fairy cities along the coast, to go ashore, and ramble about the streets, and saunter along the beautiful and shady sidewalks. But look out that you do not unfortunately get left. I and my companion came so near getting left, that we were, at least, very badly scared. We went ashore at Erie, supposing the boat would remain some two hours. We climbed the hill on which the town stands, and spent some time in observing the broad streets, wide sidewalks, large buildings, and magnificent distances of that famous place, till becoming weary we concluded to return to the boat, though we supposed we had yet an hour to spare. What was our fright to find, on arriving at the wharf, the cables loosed, the plank taken in, and the boat just leaving the pier, permitting us, as she rounded to, just to step aboard. Had we remained in town two minutes longer, we should have been too late.

Who conceived the plan on which the town of Erie was laid out? I should think he had been brought up in the Grand Prairie, where a neighbor is deemed too near at the distance of fifteen miles. If the philanthropy of the people be as widespread as their streets, and their hearts as big as their houses, I should like to live among them.

But Lake Erie sometimes presents other than pleasant scenes. Calm as appears usually her face, she sometimes frowns in tempest and in storm. Sometimes, too, her waters are lighted with the glare of burning wreck, or they echo from their surface with the dying wail of the hapless, sinking in the flood from fatal collisions. Let, however, the curtain not now be raised over such scenes as those of the Erie, and of the Griffith, and of the Atlantic.

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

The first one hundred and fifty miles of the Erie railroad, from Lake Erie to the Chemung river, affords the traveler a fair specimen of a new country. We pass along the brow of hills clothed

to their summit with primeval forests. We descend to valleys dark with dense wild shrubbery. We range along plains teeming with forests of pine. The clearings seem just made, and abound with stumps blackened by fire. The villages can hardly be seen on account of the immense piles of lumber accumulating along the railroad line. It is the region preeminently of pine. Every thing looks of pine and smells of pine. From the Alleghany to the Chemung there would seem enough of pine lumber to build up all the cities of America.

The scenery, however, is not without its attractions. From the hill-side, a long distance east of Dunkirk, you catch an unexpected and beautiful glimpse of Lake Erie. Descending from the lofty hills which skirt the shores of the Lake, you glide for many a mile along the Alleghany, gleaming with its mirror-like surface amidst the wild woodlands. Just before leaving the Alleghany, we catch a glimpse of the village of Olean, the only ancient village along this route. Olean was for a long time the embarking port of the emigrant from New England and New York for the west. Over a long and rough road he made his weary way from the Atlantic shores to the Alleghany. At Olean he sold his jaded teams and disabled wagons for a raft of lumber. On his raft he disposed his family and his "plunder," and started on his adventurous voyage to the west. Winding down the Alleghany, through dreary woods, he made his way at Pittsburg into the Ohio, and thence glided down its beautiful waters, till he reached some port along its shores, whence he might most conveniently reach his place of destination in the interior. Those were days of romance, those days before the era of railroads and steamboats. Those days are past, nor can they ever again return.

Rising from the valley of the Alleghany, and passing over a country of plain, and hill, and stream, we descend at Hornellsville to the Canisteo valley. Along the narrow valley of this beautiful stream the cars dash at a rapid rate, whizzing by immense piles of lumber and rapidly rising villages. The hills forming the river bank are steep, and covered with forest-trees. The continuity of the forest, however, is frequently broken by broad sluices, down which are rolled from the hill-top to the river the logs from which are manufactured the immense quantities of pine boards, whose presence every-where along the route forms the most prominent feature of the landscape.

At Elmira there suddenly opens before the eye of the traveler a scene wholly different from any before appearing on the route. The valley of the Chemung here spreads out into a plain, one of the most fertile, the most lovely, the most beautiful on which human eye ever looked. Bordering the plain are gently sloping hills, their sides and summits waving in the season with golden grain. Far in the distance appear ranges of blue mountains, crowned on their lofty summit with groves of pine. In the midst of the plain sits, queen of all the

region, the beautiful village of Elmira. This scene is but the beginning of a succession of views, differing in details, but on the same general plan of outline, and extending, as you are borne along the banks of the Susquehanna, for one hundred miles.

The principal features of the scenery are the Susquehanna, the rich intervals, the gentle hills tinged with blue, the groves of oak and of pines, the orchards and gardens, the neat farm-houses, and pleasant villages. There may be regions more pleasant to behold than the Susquehanna valley from Elmira to Lanesboro, but, if there be, I have never seen them.

At Lanesboro we leave the Susquehanna, ascend the summit, and descend to the Delaware. Here begins altogether another kind of scenery, the most wild, savage, and fierce. Nature appears untamed and untamable. When you have once dashed along the Delaware in the cars of the Erie road for a hundred miles, you will need travel no further in search of the sublime.

At the village of Delaware we leave the river, ascend the highlands of Orange county, and wend our way for another hundred miles over a rich farming country—the land of milk and of butter.

So admirable are the arrangements of this road, that you may travel the entire length from the Lake to New York city by clear daylight. We left Dunkirk at six o'clock in the morning. By sunset we had arrived at Narrowsburg on the Delaware. Here we remained over night, and took the next express train, which came along at breakfast time. No objection whatever is ever made on this road to your taking your time in going through on the same ticket. You take a through ticket, and it remains "good" for any train any reasonable length of time. If you start from Dunkirk to New York, and have your baggage "checked" through, but determine afterward to stop over night at any way station, you have only to signify to the conductor your wishes, and your baggage will be most cheerfully and most politely obtained, though they have to overhaul the whole baggage car for it. Indeed, nothing is wanting on this road to promote, in the greatest possible degree, the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

The construction of this road is one of the most wonderful enterprises of the age. I know not who first conceived the project of making a railway from the Atlantic to the Lakes along the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and over the highlands that rise between these great rivers; but he could have been no common man. This enterprise, however, is but the beginning of railroads along that line. As you proceed along the route you will be surprised at the frequent lateral roads already constructed, or in process of construction, tributary to this great thoroughfare. At Hornellsville comes in the road from Buffalo by Attica. At Corning there comes in nearly finished the Genesee Valley road from Rochester. At Elmira is the junction of the road from Niagara Falls by Canandaigua. It is finished

to Canandaigua, and nearly finished the entire route. At Owego you see the road from Ithica and Cayuga Lake. Some distance east of Binghamton I saw a well-built road coming in from the south, and learned, on inquiry, that it extended some seventy miles into Pennsylvania. There are several others projected and in process of construction, designed to pour at several points their contributions into the Erie. When these roads are all completed, the amount of business on the New York and Erie must exceed that done on any other railroad in the world.

A WORD ON CHEERFULNESS.

BY E. H.

NOTHING is more important than a cheerful spirit. The weather has a powerful effect on the mind. A clear sky and a smiling sun give a clear brain and a smiling face. Clouds, and rain, and continued absence of the sun make man a melancholy mope, full of sour feelings, and unfit for society of any kind. So medical authors tell us, and experience confirms, to a great extent, the truth of the remark. It is possible, however, by proper discipline, to repress almost all dispositions of the melancholy and unsocial type—such as gloom, sorrow, despondency, and all other concomitants of low spirits.

In fact, this must be done. Anger, when indulged in violently, produces a determination of the blood to the head, affects the sanguiferous and nervous system, breaks blood-vessels, or ends in hysteria, hemorrhage, or mania. Fear and despondency act similarly on the constitution, gradually undermining the vital powers, and terminating in fever, convulsions, madness, or death. On the other hand, the dispositions of a benevolent and cheerful type—as hope, joy, gladness, and the like—tend to promote a vigorous flow of blood and a healthful state of the physical system.

You may naturally incline to despond. This is to be regretted. Some men are constitutionally disposed to be passionate; yet passion has been subdued. The missionary to Persia, Henry Martyn, in early life, was one of the latter class. He thought himself, or pretended to think himself, perfectly incapable of self-government, and when at the University of Cambridge drew a dirk on his tutor; yet he lived to effect the conquest of himself, and to exemplify the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and died an exemplar of all that is amiable in the human heart.

If you find your mind filling up with apprehensions and forebodings, try to get it full of love to God and man. You are not rich, perhaps, but you are not dead. Practice the philosophy of Scripture: "Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Be satisfied with

your daily bread of affliction: it is enough: it will keep you from murmuring.

Do any thing, not morally and physically wrong, before you despair. It will kill you; not outright, may be, but gradually and certainly. Better be out of the world than in it full of misery. What use to look on nature with a jaundiced eye? It can have no charms for you. "No hills are green, no dells are dewy, no paths are flowery, no steeps are breezy to the melancholy mind."

Peradventure you have your afflictions, but never mind. Midnight is succeeded by dawn. Rapture follows anguish. Leave sorrow, and speak words of cheer to your heart. The world is wide before you; the sun is bright, the clouds are fair, and Heaven will guide you on safely and happily.

"Should sorrow o'er thy bry
Its darken'd shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth—
There's rest for thee in heaven!

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eyes,
And pulses low and weak
Tell of a time to die—
Sweet hope shall whisper then,
'Though thou from earth be riven,
There's bliss beyond thy ken—
There's rest for thee in heaven!'"

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

HAVE you the seal of pardon sweet
By your Redeemer given?
That wondrous grace, which makes you meet
For happiness and heaven?
O, guard it safely day by day,
Nor suffer it to pass away!

Have you that bright and morning star,
That, shining through the gloom,
Scatters its radiance afar
T'illuminate the tomb?
Lest thou shouldst lose its cheering rays,
Keep on that star thy steadfast gaze!

Have you a robe of righteousness
Obtained by faith in God?
Have you emerged with spotless dress
From the atoning blood?
O, keep it stainless, pure, and clean—
Free from the blots of guilt and sin!

Have you the pearl of price untold,
Though naught of wealth beside?
Have you that richest, purest gold—
The gold that has been tried?
Guard well the treasure, precious, fair;
Yea, hoard it with a miser's care!

ERROR AND REMORSE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

"I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thy eye,
Which doth betray thee, inly-tortured man."

ONCE or twice in the course of my life I have seen that frightful glitter, which, from a heart tortured with remorse, had burned out and glared upon the world. I can not recall those terrible fires without exclaiming,

"O horror! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompense those miserable hearts,
Or make them capable of one brief joy."

And I can not for the life of me understand how it is that so many tongues are ready to pronounce execrations, so many hands ready to cast the first stone.

What terrible tormentors must be the thoughts of a guilty soul! Intangible to the sharpest weapon, they oppose themselves to the poor wretch who would fight them down, unsubdued and unbaffled everlasting. If the dark strife chances to be detected by some searching glance, the subtle foe is immediately harbored beneath the shelter of hypocrisy.

From other enemies there may be protection or escape; but the effort to fly from one's own shadow were not more helpless than the strife to escape from a violated conscience.

It is much the fashion to talk of the prosperity of the wicked. Alas, how presumptuous we are to set ourselves up as judges and awarders of justice!

"The murderer rising with the light killeth the poor and needy, and in the night is as a thief. The eye also of the adulterer waiteth for the twilight, saying, No eye shall see me: and disguiseth his face. In the dark they dig through houses, which they had marked for themselves in the daytime: they knew not the light. For the morning is to them, even as the shadow of death: if one knew them, they are in the terrors of the shadow of death."

Ah, there is no escape for the guilty! "They are taken out of the way; they are cut off as the tops of the ears of corn." And our part is to pray, Lead us not into temptation, and to do unto them as we would be done by.

Guilt may escape detection here—doubtless it often does; but does it thence follow that it escapes punishment? I should think not:

"The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear;
The blood will follow where the knife is driven."

I speak not now of the duration of punishment, of its end or efficacy—only of its certainty.

Have you not, reader, some time or other during your life, been thought better than you were? has not some loving friend, mother or sister, passed to your account an amount of confidence which you did not deserve to be credited for? And if so, can

you not feel the tingling in your cheek now at the remembrance? Ah, that is the bitterest punishment of all—to feel, yet fear to acknowledge our own unworthiness. "You would not do so, I am sure;" "how sharper than a serpent's tooth" are such words to the child who feels that he has done that of which he is thought innocent!

Perhaps, too, you remember the detection and punishment of some childish offense; and in which instance did you endure the greater real suffering: alone in the closet-prison, when you forgot the wrong you had done in the wrong which you fancied was done to you—when, in your then impotence, you laid up vengeance for the day of your strength; or when, folding your hands, you sat down in the sun, with your own evil-doing swept full into the light of love?

I have somewhere read a story of a murderer, and a very wicked man, too, which is not a fable, and the substance of which is this:

The warden of the prison in which this evil man was, believed firmly in the almost omnipotence of love to subdue the most rebellious, and, by his mild and humane treatment, had succeeded in winning the confidence and respect of all the prisoners under his charge but this most desperate one. One day he was advised to keep well on his guard; and not only that, but adopt a more rigorous discipline; for that this unsubduable man had threatened his life. At first he was in despair; but soon he thought him of a great trust he might repose in him. And putting a sharp razor in his hand, he said, "My friend, I want you to shave me this morning." The surprised convict took the razor, and did as he was bidden, trembling violently all the while. When he was done, the keeper said: "I was told that you wanted to murder me, but I could not believe so, for I had never done you harm; and though I was advised to put these on your hands," he said, showing the handcuffs, "I was sure I should never have to do so." The prisoner burst into tears, and, falling at the keeper's feet, exclaimed, "I did, indeed, threaten your life, but you disarmed me." And thereafter the refractory spirit was as humble as a child's. Away down in his heart, under the accumulated hardness of years, there was somewhere a spot that kind words and tears of pity reached at last, even though he had previously seemed as if "nature had made him for some other planet, and pressed his soul into a human shape by accident or malice."

We may reason and argue till we are so lost in metaphysical subtleties and quibbles that the wrong appears the right. So Coleridge makes Ordonic reason with himself in the tragedy of Remorse. Hear him in his strife to reconcile himself to himself:

"Love! love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?
Hatred and love! Fancies opposed by fancies!
What if one reptile sting another reptile!
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one dissatisfaction stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined transiency

And cold dishonor? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
 Somewhat too early—where's the crime of this?
 That it must needs bring on the idiocy
 Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream."

And yet again in that most ingenious soliloquy:

"Say I had laid a body in the sun!
 Well, in a month there swarm forth from the corse
 A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
 In place of that one man. Say I had *killed* him!
 Yet who shall tell me that each one and all
 Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy
 As that one life, which, being pushed aside,
 Made room for these unnumbered?"

But he is not satisfied, and presently adds:

"I fain would lie
 In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness."
 "For while I live—
 An inward day that never, never sets
 Glares round my soul, and mocks my closing eyelids."

And reverting to his murdered brother, he continues, mournfully:

"Over his rocky grave the fir grove sighs
 A lulling, ceaseless dirge—'tis well with him."

Some two or three years ago I chanced to be stopping in one of our eastern cities, and my home, for the time, was in what is termed a *genteele* boarding-house; wherein, some comic writer, with no less truth than fun, says, "they find out what you don't like, and give you a good deal of it."

But it was not of this I proposed to write. Among the other people of the house there was one beautiful woman—the petted and admired of all, of course. And, indeed, she deserved some sort of recompense for the time and pains required to make herself look pretty. And here I must make a brief digression; for I would not be understood as favoring a personal disregard amounting to slovenliness, or even carelessness—for by such means we become blots, as it were, among the fair forms of nature; but to spend all our time and means, when both, perhaps, should be very precious to us, in expensive and worthless decorations of ourselves, to the neglect of more urgent duties, seems to me most reprehensible.

And this lady of whom I write was one of those who can sacrifice mind, and heart, and appetite, and slight all duty to others, for the sake of a bit of lace or a yard of gay ribbon. My landlady was an excellent and ladylike person, who went every day through a heavy routine of duties, and contrived withal to be always dressed in a pretty and becoming style. And this fair lady of whom I have previously written was her distant relative, availing herself of the boarding-house without any other recompense than the mere gracing of it. True, the accommodations with which she contented herself were something limited, her room being in reality nothing more than a closet of few feet in length or breadth, dark as night, and without ventilation, except such as the door afforded, and that opened into a basement kitchen, generally redolent with roast beef and onions; for the closet itself

was more than half under ground, and situated between the cellar and kitchen.

That the habitant of such a place should come forth gay as a butterfly and neat as a new pin, I have always regarded as a great triumph of skill, and a mysterious one, too.

But so, day by day, she came forth; and among the flowers of the veranda, none was so much sought as she. The last novel was generally in her hand; and she either felt, or affected to feel, the greatest sympathy for all suffering heroines.

One day, sitting in my room, which opened from the first landing, I heard in the hall below an unusual commotion—voices in angry and menacing tones, and footsteps hurrying hither and thither. In the midst of all this, the gay lady opened my door, and, rushing precipitately toward me, begged me to come below. Either the house was on fire or some one fallen dead I supposed, and followed her with some trepidation, I confess. In the midst of a group, whose faces I scarcely recognized for their malignant expression, stood a pale, shivering boy of sixteen or eighteen years, perhaps; a stout, gray-headed man clutching him fiercely by the hair of his head, and jostling him roughly from side to side, threatening him the while with all horrible punishments. "I'll take my pay off from your hide, you young scoundrel," said the old man, "if ever I catch you here again. I shall not send for a policeman a second time, sir, if there is a hammer to be found that will knock out your teeth, or a lash and salt with which to pepper your back. Here, what have you got?" he continued. "You ought to be strung up by the neck, and then I'd have a fair opportunity to search you." And thrusting his hand into one of the boy's pockets, he drew forth a gold watch, which the fair Miss —, clapping her hands, recognized as her own, heaping the while many opprobrious epithets on the boy, and manifesting great exultation at this positive proof of his guilt.

Nothing else was found in his pocket, save a partly eaten cracker; and pleading hunger and poverty in excuse for his crime, he was handed over to the policeman, and committed for trial.

While all this was going forward, I learned, as the reader has, too, by this time, that he had been apprehended in the house as a thief, which he really was; but that the pale, trembling criminal, acknowledging his guilt and pleading for mercy, should, even in the bosom of woman, excite no pity, was painful and fearful to witness.

Whether it would have done any good to take him by the hand and call him brother, to give him meat and drink, and try, with warning and kindness, to win him back to the straight way, where yet his dishonored manhood might be rebuilt, I know not; but this I do know, that "all revenge is crime," and can be productive of no good.

It has been beautifully, and I think truly, said by one of the greatest authors of our time, that "the soul really grand is only tested in its errors.

As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light, its instinctive rebound into higher air, after some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes."

When the evidence of the youth's guilt was required, it was astonishing to see the eagerness with which women, and especially the one I have particularly mentioned, lent their testimony, with what elaborate care they arrayed themselves, and how complacently they went and returned; and, indeed, nearly all the members of the household seemed to feel that they had come to great honor by the affair and the published notice of it. It afforded the staple of conversation every meal-time for a month thereafter, and the most minute descriptions of the wretched appearance of the prisoner seemed to add new gusto to the viands.

I was once in the house of a negro woman, and while we were engaged in talking, a little child who had been playing about the floor suddenly climbed into the window—the room was in the third story—and, with a frail and careless hold of the sash, sat mirthfully balancing himself backward and forward. On seeing it, I called the attention of the woman to the danger; for she stood nearer it than I. "It ain't my child," she said, indifferently, and without leaving her work.

And this seems to be the general feeling. If it be not our father or our brother who is dying or in danger, sick or in prison, we keep at our customary avocations, and say, "They are nothing to me," forgetful that they are all in all to somebody.

"O, friends, my life is very dear to me; I have a brother and a promised wife!" said one to those who would have murdered him, and their hearts were softened, and they let him go.

Sometimes when too much inclined to ponder our own sorrows, it is well to look upon the deeper sufferings of others; and impressed with this belief, I lately visited a hospital for the indigent. The first ward I entered was that appropriated to sick women. A stifling atmosphere met me at the door; but not for that I shuddered and stood still. The room was long and narrow, and lined with beds, dirty and comfortless. On either side of the room there were fifty, perhaps; their occupants, for the most part, old, and miserably sick and wretched. As they turned their livid faces and burning or glazed eyes toward me, I felt how blessed they are who have no shelter but the blue heavens, if their limbs are yet unshackled so that they may sit in the sunshine, and think in the breeze. As my eye wandered on from one to another, it rested on the shrouded form of a corpse. The two "tire-women" performed their office with as much seeming indifference as that with which they would have done any thing else. I walked behind my guide the narrow alley to the end of the chamber and back, but my lips were dumb. I could think of no comforting thing to say. Approaching the entrance

again, I noticed a young girl sitting in a wooden rocking-chair, and nursing a babe of but a few days old apparently. Her white cheek flushed beneath my glance, and she wrapped the scanty robe of faded calico about the child, and folded it closer to her bosom, but without a mother's pride, I thought.

Involuntarily I had stopped before her; and seeing her confusion, I felt that she supposed me attracted by idle curiosity, and, as some extenuation of my seeming rudeness, I spoke of the beauty of the babe and inquired its age. The head of the mother had drooped almost against her bosom, and as she uplifted it the old pallor took its place in her cheek, and, though she spoke no word, there was a mute appeal for pity in her eyes that brought tears to my own, and which I shall never forget.

"Poor thing!" said the superintendress, when we had passed on, "no wonder she feels bad. She will be turned out in a few days, and she has no home nor friends now."

It was no fear for the needs of the future, I thought, that made her tremble and turn pale, but the still-rebuking whisper from the past. Poor, desolate, and forsaken creature! where she is now, and with what words she stills the more than orphan crying of her child, I know not. I only know that she now says in vain,

"Come, O lover!

Close and cover

These poor eyes, you called, I ween,

Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

O, we have need to be compassionate and considerate! We have walked but feebly where others have fallen, and the world is full enough of sorrow and of woe at the best, without our needlessly adding to the sufferings of our fellow-mortals by hard words and hard dealing. Are there no eyes, dear reader, from which you have turned away proudly or scornfully sometimes, and which are languishing and weary now;

"But if you looked down upon them,

And if they looked up to you,

All the light that had foregone them,

Would be gathered back anew!"

By the remembrance of the remorse which at some time you must have felt yourself, by the knowledge that in the hands of One greater than you there is retribution that will be justly awarded, deal kindly and speak softly always. "It is a little thing to give a cup of water" to a poor and thirsty brother; "it is a little thing to speak a word of common kindness;" and yet from such little acts and common words springs the sweetest sunshine of life.

Scarcely are any of us so poor that there is not some one whom, in some way, we can gladden; none so rich as to be above the common needs of our frail and erring mortality.

PATIENT study, not genius, is the true road to honorable distinction.

AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

BY HANCOCK.

KIND reader, in a former paper we introduced you to an English homestead; we shall now seek to make you acquainted with the inhabitants. You will find them the pictures of health and robustness, possessed of strong, active, and muscular frames. Honest, frugal, industrious, and benevolent, they will bespeak, by their habits, your admiration and regard. Their characteristic industry and frugality may be, in some good degree, the result of their peculiar circumstances. The farms of England are mostly the property of wealthy landholders, who exact heavy rents from their tenants, which, with the unrighteous tithes contributed to the support of a corrupt Church establishment, and the oppressive taxes extorted to sustain an extravagantly expensive government, must enjoin economy and industry upon the farmer. There can be no idleness about his house. Master and mistress, son and daughter, maid-servant and man-servant, must be busy. Accordingly, these farms present to the observer scenes of activity of a healthful, cheerful kind.

The industrious, frugal character of the people may be seen in their very appearance. In their attire, use and comfort are the two principles they first consult, though their ideas of what is comfortable by no means harmonize with ours. Their apparel is generally of the most durable material; and in its manufacture they have little reference to what we would call taste, neatness, or fashion. Milliners are scarce, and the village tailor seems only to renew the patterns of his predecessor, the honest villagers tenaciously adhering to the costume of their forefathers. Perhaps you have seen an English countryman, just imported, and have been tempted to amuse yourself with his grotesque appearance. Others may have not; and for their sake we will try to picture him, throwing also a glance at the dress of the country fair.

First, then, of the men's attire. An under garment, without the needless extravagance of a linen front, but with a standing collar so high as to threaten an excision of the ears, and which, Taylor-like, has "never surrendered" to the turn-down mandate of Byron. A pair of breeches, reaching only to the knees, and there adorned with some half dozen bright brass buttons; the limbs below being shielded either by a pair of close-fitting long stockings, sometimes ornamentally ribbed, or by a pair of gaiters, or wrappers, as we would term them. A vest, or waistcoat, as they always call it, of some strong material, and over this a coat or smock-frock. Their coats are generally of a drab cloth; are made with large frock skirts, having capacious pockets outside and in, the whole set off with heavy metal buttons. The smock-frock is a loose garment, made of heavy twilled goods, manufactured for the purpose. The front

and back is gathered into something like a "yoke," and these gathers are tastefully ornamented with a good deal of nicely executed stitch-work. A pair of large, square flaps, ornamented with braiding, covers the shoulders, and a pair of full sleeves are gathered into a tight wristband. Some of these frocks, like that garment so celebrated in song, "Daddy Grimes's coat," are "all buttoned up before;" others are only open a little, and are secured at the neck by a large button, thus giving the wearer quite a *gownish*, if not a clownish appearance. To us, of all garments they would be most unhandy; but among the English laborers they are the favorite garb. Perhaps the advocates of Bloomerism might find a profitable field of enterprise, would they attempt to show the English farmers the impropriety of wearing these decidedly awkward smock-frocks. To finish our description of the English countryman's attire, we have yet to tie around his neck a large cravat, to place upon his head a high-crowned fur hat, and to arm him with a pair of heavy shoes, the heels and soles of which are completely shod with large nails, and the toes protected by a formidable array of nails, so made as to clinch over the edge of the sole, and hence called "clinchers." These shoes, thus armed, are a terrible weapon of defense, especially when the wearer has a kicking propensity.

Such is the male attire. We have yet to show you the ladies', though, by the way, this term lady is there applied only to the wives and daughters of the nobility.

The females about an English farm-house are no exception to the remarks we have made respecting dress. Plain calico, by them called "cotton," worsted, and woolen goods form their principal wear. Their dresses are as antiquated, in point of fashion, as the male attire. They know but little of the frequent and entire revolutions of fashion which so much afflict their aristocratic and, generally, our American fair. A dress, with a very short waist, and often with short sleeves, leaving their stout arms exposed; an apron of checked goods; a handkerchief, pinned shawl-shape around the neck; and a cap, with a broad frilled border, worn even by young girls, constitute their indoor attire. To this is added, when they go out, a shawl or cloak, and a bonnet, the crown and pock of which would seem to us to be of huge dimensions. Some of the cloaks worn by the English women are very peculiar. They are made of some red material, and hanging between the shoulders is a sort of "hood," or pouch-shaped affair, attached to the collar of the cloak, and forming a sort of cape, which, in inclement weather, can be drawn over the bonnet, thus affording greater protection to the head. It is related somewhere that a regiment of French once attempted the invasion of the Island. In the absence of the regular "red-coats," a number of old women were collected, attired in their bright red cloaks, and marched, with music playing and colors streaming, to the summit of a

neighboring hight. There they were drawn up in martial array, and their dress so much resembled the uniform of the British soldiery as to convey the impression to the invaders that the place was well defended; and the foaled French commander, scared off, with his marauding band, by a regiment of old women, hastily retreated! But to return to our description. In wet weather the patten is an important article to an English woman. This is a piece of wood of the shape of the shoe-sole, and secured, like a sandal, to the foot. A ring of iron, some three or four inches in diameter, is fastened to the wooden part by two pieces of iron, so as to raise the foot some two inches from the ground. Upon these awkward things they walk with apparent ease, click-clacking along the pavements or roadside, totally heedless of mud and water. Of course, these pattens add to the hight of the ladies, and it is amusing to a stranger to see them suddenly spring up two or more inches as soon as the rain begins to fall. Whether or not the introduction of India rubber shoes will bring these pattens into disuse, it is hard to say; but certainly some such protection for the feet is necessary in that wet and humid clime.

The descriptions we have given do not suit all the people; for some indulge in goods of a better kind, and wear garments of a more fashionable shape; and, on Sabbaths and holiday occasions, you will see the men dressed in their broadcloths, and the ladies sporting their silks and satins; yet our description will indicate the appearance of the majority of the country people in the section of which we write.

As we have remarked, there are some who may be called fashionable, and, perhaps, fashion is gaining among them; but it will be a long time before it will overcome the inveterate changelessness of the English people. Where it now exists, supplied by country tailors and milliners, it is only a change from bad to worse. A neat, well-cut garment among the rural classes is rarely found; nor do they look at this. With them a garment fits that can be at all worn with comfort. Use, comfort, we said, were the principles they first consult—that which will be useful to them, and will make them comfortable in their peculiar circumstances. Their frugality, of which we have spoken, is not developed by a mean stinginess, the sure index of a parsimonious spirit. They are benevolent and hospitable to others, and have no idea of denying themselves any reasonable gratification. They spread a plenteous board, and are rather inclined to indulgence of appetite than otherwise. Their frugality is properly exhibited in a prudent economy, which leads them to make the best and the most of every thing. "Waste makes want," is a proverb often quoted by them, and, understanding its spirit, they turn every thing to some profitable account. In their cooking this is frequently seen. What can not be eaten roasted, can be if boiled. What has been rejected in one form, is stewed or

hashed, and is made acceptable in another. What can not be used by man, can be by his beast. And in this way every thing is made of some account. This principle is adopted in all their business, and is one means of their success. Indeed, were the wasteful extravagance of some of our agriculturists and housekeepers to be indulged in by the English, ruin would be the inevitable consequence. "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can," is a valuable recommendation, which, kind reader, we commend to your attention.

We said they were industrious, though not in the same "go-ahead" manner with us. It is rather a sober, steady principle—the patient endurance of the ox rather than the fiery impetuosity of the horse. We are anxious to accomplish a great deal; they are careful to have it well done. Perhaps their industry is better managed than ours, especially in the proper division of labor. On every farm they have a corps of domestics, called "servants;" white, it is true, but still as distinct from the family as are those called servants among our southern neighbors. Each one of these has a particular work assigned him. On the farm the "waggoner" takes charge of the horses, plows, teams, and so forth; another man takes care of the cattle and sheep. In the house there is the same division of labor. The "house-maid" sweeps, scrubs, and so on; the "dairy-maid" milks, churns, and makes the cheese; and the "nurse" has special charge of the juvenile responsibilities. Some also employ a "cook;" but this is most generally the part of the "mistress" herself. Labor being thus divided, each one knows what he or she has to do, and can be more readily made responsible for indolence or neglect, the family directing and overseeing the whole. To us it may seem strange that such an army of domestics should be employed by a single farmer; but they are cheaply hired, are content with the coarsest fare, and the farmers may as well support them thus as pay additional tax for their maintenance at the public expense. Besides, they require more manual labor than we do from the manner in which they do their work. Some improvements have been made; but they generally use the same kind of implements used by their ancestors—the same heavy wagon and plow—even that simple invention, the washing-machine, is wanting. In short, they are almost entirely unacquainted with the labor-saving machinery now in use in the great Yankee nation. A few more world's fairs may send these inventions among them. Such being their lack of improvement, these domestics are not enough; they also employ the laboring men and their wives, who occupy the cottages of the neighboring hamlets. At early morn these industrious peasants—a cheerful race—may be seen moving to their daily toil, often vieing with the feathered choristers in chanting a morning song; for they are particularly fond of the rude ballads of the country. These women will do almost any kind of farm-work, and always assist at washing, which,

our American ladies may be surprised to learn, is seldom performed but once a month. Washing-day there is a notable day. Such a revolution of every thing; such an assortment of soiled apparel; such a boiling of water, and rubbing, and rinsing, and wringing, and hanging-out of clothes; such a time of scolding, and fretting, and joking, and working, is better imagined than described. The mistress then leaves the parlor, the house-maid the kitchen, the dairy-maid the churn, the nurse the cradle, and each one, arrayed in wash-day uniform, stands at the tub; while the soap lathers, the suds fly, the dog runs off, the men abscond, and the work goes bravely on, amid the splashing of water, the din of tongues, the boiling of kettles, the squalling of children, the mewing of cats, and all the discordant sounds of a household Babel. Nor is order restored till after ironing-day, when the drying, ironing, folding, and stowing away has been completed. Then the dog and his master can return, the baby be again calmed and cared for, and the regular domestic machinery move off in harmony once more. Such are the accumulated annoyances of an English wash-day, that popular indignation has vented itself in the following couplet:

“Wash! wash! wash! wash, wash away!
There's not a bit of comfort on a washing-day.”

But, reader, enough. Memory has furnished me some more information respecting their domestic and social habits, which must be reserved for another paper. Be patient, reader; the oyster supplies us with the pearl, and, unlikely though it may seem, we may yet find something in Memory's storehouse, profitable and interesting. Good-by!

AN ADMIRER OF THE BIBLE.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU was born at Paris in 1636; and at thirty years of age, the strength and harmony of his verse, the delicacy of his satire, and the energy of his style had raised him above his poetical predecessors, and had made him the favorite of France and of Europe. Subsequently a pension was settled on him by the king. A biographer says:

“After enjoying the favors of his sovereign, and all the honors which the French Academy and the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres could bestow, Boileau retired from public life, dissatisfied with the insincerity of the world, and the profigacy of manners which he had satirized with spirit and truth, and he spent his time in literary privacy, in the society of a few select and valuable friends. He died, an example of great resignation and piety, March 2, 1711, in his seventy-fifth year.”

The Bible was his book. Says he: “Every word and syllable of the Bible ought to be adored: it not only can not be too much admired, but it can not be enough admired.”

If there were more of Bible reading, and less negligence in regard to its precepts and commands, the world would have a larger amount of happiness.

LONELY BURIAL.

BY A. H. GUY, A. M.

AMONG the passengers on the public conveyance was a tender female with a sick child. She was traveling; but whence she came or whither she would go was no question to man or woman. Perhaps she received the common greetings which salute you; but unknown, she was doomed to meet such sympathy as strangers feel for strangers' woes. Every comfort tendered her was the price of her money; and when that failed, the fountain from which these requited kindnesses flowed dried up.

At last, compelled from duty and affection for the little sufferer, she stopped and asked the hospitalities of a public house. No impression of her sufferings reached the busy ones around; they saw, but they felt not. Her wants met no responsive tones in other hearts. She obtained a room, where she retired with her precious charge, to watch over its last dreadful agonies.

Her friends were distant; and her husband, the one bound by all sacred ties to sustain and protect her, had gone to seek his fortune in golden treasures in the far-off land. She was alone, and well she felt it.

The intensity of her misery was more than equal to her loneliness; for this was her first-born and only child. Around its being her tenderest affections clung; the bright prospects of the future all gathered in it; and now it was that clouds darkened her vision. Its smiles were the sunshine of her happiness, its helplessness her strength, its life the perfection of her hopes; but now her sunshine was turning into night, her strength into weakness, her hopes into despair.

She obtained such aid as a hotel may give; but all its kindness could never restore the lost one, nor dispel the gloom gathering and settling on her spirit. The little one died. The parent's anguish grew doubly keen; a storm of sorrow broke on her lonely head, and the mantle of affliction shrouded every ray of hope beaming into her riven nature. She, the only mourner, followed the little of earth to its burial. The interment was away in a lonely corner of the graveyard, apart from other graves; and while the clods rumbled into the charnel-house, she wept alone.

The mother has gone, whither none know. She left her hopes in the grave; but it may be a star shines in on the darkness that she will yet meet that little child.

Soon the spears of grass will shoot and wither on the tomb. There the wild flower will bloom and decay—emblem of human life. The stranger will pass over that lonely little mound, listless of the concealed clay, and ignorant of the bereft and grief-stricken one.

Man is a child of mortality, cast on the pilgrimage of life, to perish when the destroyer comes, whether he is among strangers or among friends.

SPOILED GIRLS.

BY REV. J. M'D. MATHEWS.

THERE is an unfortunate class of young persons called spoiled children, whom all persons agree in censuring. But what is meant by being spoiled? Very young children are spoiled when they are rude and bold, or self-willed and obstinate. They fret and pant at every obstacle to the gratification of their wishes. If a lady comes to visit you, and brings one of these spoiled children along, you must have an eye to your choice flowers and fruit; for it will not keep its hands off of any thing it can reach. Every thing in the room will, perhaps, be turned up side down, and you will wish before night that ladies would leave spoiled children at home. I suppose they behave no better at home; for it is the improper indulgence of the parents which spoils them.

When girls have been spoiled at home, they are apt to carry many disagreeable ways with them to school. They give trouble to the teachers, and are unpopular with their schoolmates. Having been accustomed to have their own way, they submit unwillingly to the restraints of the school. They are selfish and self-willed. In a word, they are spoiled children, and therefore unbeloved.

There are many ways in which girls at school become spoiled. Affectation is one. This arises from vanity or an inordinate desire to have the good opinion of others. Persons may unconsciously imitate the tones or manner of some one whom they admire. Young preachers in this way sometimes copy the defects of their seniors. It is said that when Dr. Bangs was presiding elder, all the young preachers in his district got into the habit of carrying the head to one side, in imitation of the Doctor. They were, no doubt, wholly unconscious of it. In like manner, a young lady hears Jenny Lind or some distinguished performer sing, and endeavors, perhaps without being aware of it, to imitate her tones or manner. What was natural to the performer is not natural to the young lady, and her performance is ludicrous and disagreeable. It is mere affectation, which may show itself in the tones of the voice in singing or conversation—in the manner of walking, dressing, or moving the head, or hand, or any part of the body. You should certainly study ease and gracefulness of manners; but you should be perfectly natural, and not ape or imitate any one else. Whatever is awkward or disagreeable in your manners you should correct. But there is a way of talking and of moving which is natural to yourself. Any departure from this is affectation. Cowper only expresses the common feeling of mankind when he says, "In my soul I loathe all affectation."

Girls are spoiled when they indulge in self-conceit on account of their real or supposed advantages. How often do you hear it said, "Some one has told Miss — she is handsome, and it has

spoiled her! Did you notice at the party what pains she took to display her set of fine teeth, or her lily-white hand, or her beautiful eyes? I acknowledge she has some beauty; but to make such an effort to display it is quite disgusting." Whatever charms you may possess, you must be quite unconscious of their existence; or, at least, you must have sufficient gravity of mind not to show by your actions that you are conscious of them. In other words, you must not allow yourself to be spoiled by any such thing.

Some girls become spoiled because their parents are rich. They feel so self-important on account of it, that they act in a supercilious and scornful manner toward girls who are, perhaps, their superiors in every other respect than the possession of wealth. I do not mean to say that the children of all the rich are spoiled. Many of them are delightfully unconscious of any advantage. They associate as freely with a poor girl who is worthy of their regards, and love her as sincerely and ardently, as if she were rich. School-girls should associate on terms of republican equality. Aristocratic distinctions will come, alas! too soon; but they should never be known during school-days. The children of the rich should be kind and affectionate to the poor; for these are noble traits, and they will be so, unless riches have spoiled them.

Strange to say, girls are sometimes spoiled by education; that is, they get a smattering of learning, and are puffed up in their own estimation. Deep and thorough education is not apt to be ostentatious or pedantic. Those who think themselves vastly wise and smart are generally superficial.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
Hence shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again."

When a girl returns from school, and refuses to embrace cordially her old associates, because she now knows a little more than they do, it indicates a bad heart. It shows, at least, that she is spoiled; and she will soon become unpopular by assuming airs of superiority to her equals. It is well if she does not get above her business at home, too, and refuse to assist her mother in domestic affairs, because, forsooth, she has been at school, and obtained a little smattering of grammar and algebra.

In a word, to become vain on account of any advantage, real or imaginary, is to be spoiled. All the world will condemn self-praise. "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips." If you see a rich man plain and unaffected in his manners, you admire him the more because his riches have not spoiled him. How did all men admire and praise General Washington for his great military talents and the benefits he conferred on his country! But if he had been weak enough to be spoiled by this admiration, it would have tarnished the glory of his achievements. So far from any effect of this kind being produced, General Washington was so modest that he never spoke of his own actions.

Dr. Chalmers was a great pulpit orator. Admiring crowds attended his preaching and sat entranced under his eloquence. But if he had been puffed up by these flattering attentions, he would have been spoiled, and his usefulness would have been at an end. To be capable of being spoiled indicates some defect, mental or moral. If the preacher were seeking only human admiration, and his actions betrayed this feeling, how would it lessen him in the estimation of all his hearers! If his soul be imbued with the love of souls, and he preaches to glorify Christ, then human praises will not spoil him.

Young preachers are sometimes sadly spoiled by the injudicious flatteries of their friends. But it impairs their usefulness till they rise above it. If they have eloquence or talents, these are gifts which God has bestowed for purposes of usefulness, not mere ornaments of which to be vain.

So if young ladies possess advantages of wealth, beauty, or education, these are divinely bestowed to enable them to be more useful. If they strut about as the peacock, in admiration of its fine feathers, they will show themselves unworthy of such gifts. If they remember how little they have used them to God's glory, they will have more occasion for humility than vanity. Whoever takes proper views of things will be modest and diffident, not self-conceited and vain. Solomon said long since, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope for a fool than of him."

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

O, do not frown! if thou but smile,
The crushing cares of life
Seem lighter than the gossamer,
And earth with joy is rife.
The dewy luster of the morn,
That wakes the laboring bee,
That poureth beauty on the flowers,
Is like thy smile to me.
We've seen unmoved the tempest rage
Around our lowly cot,
And heard the summer thunders roll
As though we heard them not;
Because that with the shadows dread,
That darkened earth awhile,
Appeared the rainbow on the cloud—
Our God's approving smile.
Thus 'mid the countless ills of life
I may not walk alone;
But I can breast them cheerily
If thou but smile, my own.
O, do not frown! why should the clouds
Of grief above us rise,
When one bright, joyous smile would bring
The sunlight to our skies?

CLOUD PICTURES.

BY ORIA.

THE sunset hour had passed away,
And the soft twilight shade
Was deep'ning round the holy spot
Where our beloved ones laid.
I sat me down, and mused
Upon the storied past,
And sighed to think its blessed dreams
Had faded all so fast.
I looked upon the western sky,
As though some angel hand
Should put aside the veil that hides
Our own from that blest land.
And as I gazed, a clouded way
Seemed to be traced on high,
And from the one two paths revealed
Unto my wand'ring eye.
The one all dark and narrow seemed,
Leading I knew not where;
The other broad, with glittering stars
Gemming it here and there.
It passed cloud-like e'en while I gazed,
But woke deep thoughts and bright;
It minded me of holy writ,
And of our daily life.
For, O, how very hard it seems
To tread the narrow way,
When the broad path allures our feet
With its brief, meteor ray!
And yet, though fair and bright it seems,
'Twould lead where darkness dwells;
While the lone road, which few beguiles,
Of heav'n and angels tells.
'Twas this alone the Savior trod
In his sad hours below;
And would we win his rest, we, too,
In his dear steps must go.
And then, though dark the past may be,
Its gloom will fade away
Before the future's glorious light,
Eternity's bright day.

THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—O, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.
Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.
We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

THE CASTLED RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

(THIRD PAPER.)

On leaving Heidelberg and the Neckar, we will again repair to the valley of the Rhine. Near the mouth of the Neckar lies the remarkable old city of Worms, which is attractive and interesting, let us view it from whatever point we may. With Cologne and Treves it may be numbered among the oldest cities of the country watered by the Rhine. A misty haze surrounds its earliest history, which is only illuminated by occasional flashes from the heroic legends of German story. Indeed, there are traditions which place its origin far anterior even to these. The Jews of Worms relate, that centuries before the birth of our Savior their ancestors sought it as a place of refuge. According to the ancient chronicles of the Jewish congregation of the city, many of the rabbis and the people repaired thither five hundred and eighty-eight years before the birth of Christ, on account of the destruction of the first temple by the Babylonians. They were so well satisfied with the place that they could not resolve to leave it, although the priests in the promised land warned them of the command of God, to solemnize the three grand festivals in Jerusalem. Chronicles further relate that at the period of the crucifixion of Christ, the Jews of Worms wrote a warning letter to their brothers in Jerusalem, not to commit the cruel deed. Thus arose the saying, which is still extant, "The Jews of Worms are pious Jews."

To the Christian, however, the city of Worms is of surpassing interest, on account of its having been the scene of many of the most thrilling events in the history of the Christian people. There were held councils, assemblies, and diets; and the words of Luther will immortalize it as long as the Christian religion shall be a solace to man: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would nevertheless go thither." Worms suffered severely in the Thirty Years' War, as well as in many other conflicts, in the support of the Christian religion, and every foot of its ground tells a story full of deep and absorbing interest.

A few miles above Worms we perceive the towering cathedral of the old city of Speir, the burying-place of the German emperors. A long line of monarchs lies here mingling with the dust, and volumes would hardly tell the history of their feuds, their contests in deadly strife, and the ceremonies of committing their bodies to the tomb. A curious coincidence connects a strange legend with this portion of the river. The moderns have chosen it for the graves of rulers; but their forefathers seem to have regarded the spot as a sort of Elysium for the resort of all departed souls who were obliged to cross this Stygian water which separated the realms of the living from the realms of the dead.

Even the custom of putting a coin into the hands of the deceased to pay the ferriage across the dark waters, seems to have been in vogue. Popular superstition relates stories of wonderful occurrences of this nature: "One stormy night a boatman was waked from a heavy sleep by a Stygian throng who were desirous of crossing the stream. They pressed the money into his hand and bid him hurry, lest the crowd of shades, hastening to the regions beyond, should fill and swamp his bark; black spirits and gray, blue spirits and white filled his craft so that he scarcely had room to ply his oars. The manes hardly land before a storm carries back the boat, with the speed of magic, to the place it started from; here the same scene is renewed, and the ghostly guests patronize the astonished boatman till the darkness of night vanishes. Sometimes the departed spirits have their own boats, while they themselves are invisible; and thus the vessel goes and comes, goes and comes, agitated by the hurry and anxiety of beings not visible to men."

We are now fairly in that part of the valley of the Rhine known as the Palatinate. Its history is full of incident, valor, and romance. Stories are told of men having lived here, in former times, who were seven feet in height, who wore immensely long hair, and fought under Roman eagles. Forced away by the hordes of Attila, they fled to the Rhone and founded a new kingdom.

The borders of the river through the Palatinate seem to be the chosen seat of the grape. Every hill-side is adorned with vineyards, and every bend in the stream is pointed out as celebrated for some favorite wine. Nearly on the frontier of the country known as Alsace appears the old castle of Trifels. Here the jewels of the German realm were held in safe keeping, and here Richard the Lion-hearted was for a time held a prisoner, till his faithful Blondel found him out and effected his release. Legend says that Blondel discovered the place of confinement of Richard, in the deep cells of the Trifels, by the songs which he there sang. Not far from Trifels lies a second Drachenfels, also renowned for its deadly dragon-fights. In its vicinity are two old ruins which bear the following strange names: "Grumble-not," "Look-not-around."

The province of Alsace, although now belonging to France, still retains its German feeling and appearance. It was rudely wrested from the German empire by Louis the Fourteenth; but every political commotion in Europe reminds it of its father-land, and makes it long to return to its own household. The principal city of Alsace is Strasburg, famed far and near for the most wonderful cathedral and steeple in Europe.

The Rhine, between Strasburg and its mouth, is divided into the Upper, Middle, and Lower Rhine; a division which nature itself seems to have made in its capacity for navigation. Vessels that load at Strasburg proceed no further than Mayence, where cargoes are transferred to larger boats to proceed

to Cologne; here again other boats are taken from Cologne to the sea. This arrangement is so clearly understood that all the commerce of the Rhine is governed by laws having direct reference to these circumstances. The province of Alsace is so blooming a country that we would linger a moment to examine its beauties and its historical relies. From its lowlands, or river bottoms, may be seen the double chains of the Black Forest and the Vosges mountains; further up the stream appear large and lovely valleys, where industry and romance walk side by side; the roaring waterfall drives the busy mill within sight of castle ruins and ancient chapels with holy figures adorning their exterior. The cultivation of the grape is the most important of all the rural occupations, and calls into profitable use the southern and eastern declivities of the hilly ranges.

It would be ungrateful in the present generation, to deny the benefits handed down to us from the middle ages; for we enjoy them, let their origin be what it may. In these quiet and industrious valleys that now delight the traveler once lived knights and their vassals, that occasionally sallied forth to devastate the peaceful plains. And still these very plains now sparkle with mighty cities and noble edifices, erected for the worship of a beneficent Creator; their towering spires climb up to the heavens as if pointing to Him to whose glory they were erected, and stand as worthy monuments of an age full of manly power—full of great and noble conceptions. The cathedral of Strasburg is more thrilling in its eloquence, in favor of the middle ages, than all the eulogiums of those who entertain for that period the deepest veneration.

Strasburg lies in what is termed the Great Rhine Valley, in contradistinction to the narrowness of the stream above the falls of the Rhine, which romantic spot we shall shortly visit. Before making its fearful leap into the world, the Rhine is as an unruly boy, running over pathless ways and breaking for itself a passage through forest and mountain. But its benevolent genius now leads it into a magnificent, broad valley, that nature seems to have created for it alone. The mountains, that in its course through Switzerland had hemmed its way and occasionally almost barred its passage, withdraw their opposition, and a rich and happy land opens its bosom to receive the noble river. On the left is seen a region covered with majestic oaks, on the right rise the lofty fir-trees of the Black Forest, both on mountain chains that extend from Switzerland to the Palatinate, and form a lengthy and spacious basin, such as adorns few rivers. The curtain has been drawn that hitherto hid the arena of its manly future, and the Rhine now enters on its maturity, rejoicing in its great destiny and its enchanting home.

This region of the Upper Rhine is fast becoming a place of resort for tourists. On either side of the stream are railroads recently constructed, which bear the traveler to the very portals of Switzerland.

The entire line of rail from Strasburg to Paris has just been put into operation, and the capital of France is now little more than a day's journey from the land of Tell. Swarms of Parisians will soon hum and buzz through the upper valley, and spread through the thousand dells and vales that open into it. Above the falls the Rhine is called on to perform the lighter labor of driving mills and floating rafts or canoes; but below it enters on the sterner duties of life, and bears light steamers as far up the stream as Basle, at which point the Rhine leaves Switzerland.

One of the most attractive spots on the Upper Rhine, and that toward which Germans especially wend their way, are the "*Falls of the Rhine*," near Schaffhausen. This latter city owes its origin and prosperous condition to the vicinity of the falls. No vessel can descend the falls, and, consequently, all the produce brought to Schaffhausen, by the rich Lake of Constance, must be there unloaded, and either transported around the falls in wagons, or else take another direction into the interior.

Woe to the American that travels on the continent of Europe without having seen Niagara! And we have seen many such, but have seen them only to pity them. Go where you will in intelligent society, and especially among tourists, nearly the first question asked is about Niagara, or, rather, the conversation is immediately turned on this topic; for no German believes in the possibility of an American being on the continent without a perfect familiarity with the greatest wonder of the world. If you should chance to have made the tour of the Rhine, you will also be requested to give your opinion in relation to the respective merits of the falls of the Rhine and those of Niagara; for no German will consent to your visiting the Rhine without also visiting its falls. The readiness with which the Germans had connected these two natural curiosities together, naturally led us to believe that the falls of the Rhine were of no mean magnitude nor trifling importance. We, therefore, approached them with considerable anxiety, and feelings wrought up to a high key of expectation.

When within a few miles of the falls, we occasionally stopped and listened, expecting to hear the roaring of their waters; but, with the best intentions in the world, we found it impossible to distinguish any peculiar commotion in nature, when we suddenly emerged from the forest and found ourselves at the falls of the Rhine. We were at first provoked at the river for producing, after all its labor, such a mouse. But we soon reflected that we had seen Niagara, and had been so silly as to expect something approaching to it. The fault lay with the Germans in comparing a giant with a pygmy—a comparison to which, in ignorance, we had tacitly submitted. But we will forget Niagara, and look at the falls of the Rhine with German eyes, and, indeed, in their beauty they have much to recommend them; for they are beautiful but not sublime.

The rocky wall over which the Rhine is precipitated is about eighty feet in height; but the water springs over successive shelves, so that the absolute height is not observed, while the stream is divided by three rocky masses that rise up to oppose the course of the water. One of the rocks is entirely covered, and forms a sort of cascade, while the others are nearly dry, except at a high stage of water. The cascade is beautifully commanded by an antique castle, built on the very borders of the rushing flood; from its turrets is obtained the most advantageous position for enjoying a full view of the boiling waters. For some distance above the falls the stream is forced into a narrow bed of rock, out of which project numberless jagged cliffs. The waters in passing over these acquire an angry appearance, and prepare themselves as rapids to pass over the great falls below. In this condition they strike the rocks that form the cascade, and the effect is singularly beautiful and pleasing. The concussion against the rocks causes a portion of the water to rise as a thick cloud of mist, while the stream passes over into the boiling, foaming, whirling caldron below. When the rays of the sun penetrate this cloud, a variegated and beautiful play of colors is produced. The curling and foaming eddies are richly gilded, and the rising columns of mist are magically changed into rainbows of every hue. All this diversity, comprised in a single glance, presents a phenomenon as curious as it is beautiful. This spot is so much visited, that, like our Niagara, it is provided with every convenience for obtaining the best points for observation; here is a pavilion, there a little castle, or, forsooth, a big one, and even a romantic old mill and a modern hotel. From the piazza and windows of the hotel may be obtained an excellent view of the falls; and during the traveling season it is filled with tourists drawn thither by the attractions of the region.

A few miles above the falls of the Rhine is the Lake of Constance. This lies between Germany and Switzerland, and from it flow the waters of the Rhine. The Lake of Constance is the largest among German lakes, and, after the Lake of Geneva, that largest of Switzerland, for its peculiar position causes it to be claimed by both countries. The waters of the Lake of Constance are deep green, and its borders are but moderately elevated. They are by nature fertile, and the thrifty industry of those who live on its shores has adorned them with a high degree of cultivation. The lake shore seems almost a Paradise—rich in orchards, vineyards, fields of waving grain, meadows, and forests.

Thus have we traced the castled Rhine from the waters of the North Sea to the Lake of Constance, and endeavored to present those objects along its shores which we deemed most worthy of attention. We have said that the Rhine is, to the German, a holy stream; and when we reflect how closely it is entwined with the history and glory of the fatherland, we can scarcely wonder that the Franks and

Alemanni were inclined to show it divine honors. For it is said, by the voice of tradition, that the people prayed on the shore of the river, lighted its banks with torches, and presented offerings to its waters. They even threw their children into its waters to test the purity of the parents; if these were spotless, their children were gently wafted to the shore; if the contrary, their offspring were carried off in angry waves and raging whirlpools.

The Rhine is truly a stream of song, of legend, and of story; and in leaving it we feel like paying a tribute to its worth for the many happy hours passed on its banks. We love the Rhine, and we love the people whose father-land is on its shores. We love the language that has been adorned by Goethe and by Schiller; and, in bidding them farewell, we can exclaim, with a true German heart,

“A blessing on the Father-land,
A blessing on the Rhine.”

HORACE WALPOLE.

HORACE WALPOLE was in his day “the glass of fashion, and the mold of form,” valuable for little besides his epistolary style, in the material in which his own nothingness is inclosed, as in amber, till it has acquired a certain conventional value. Rank, fortune, humor, were all his own; yet he lived for few things which were not frivolous, and maintained the contemptible character of a male gossip. What his thoughts of death were, the following passage from his letters will demonstrate:

“I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever submit to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I do not wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! Let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can; it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs.”

His letters, written at the end of life, some of which were to Miss Hannah More, show that, though occasionally much disgusted at life, religion exerted no influence whatever. Indeed, even in writing to that lady, he omitted no opportunity of satirizing both piety and its followers. Yet he confessed himself a disappointed man, though he could not forbear to jest at his own approaching dissolution. Living and dying, he was the same heartless and selfish voluptuary. “I shall be quite content,” he writes, “with a sprig of rosemary [the symbolical language of the rosemary is remembrance: “I'll remember thee.” Sprigs of it were often thrown upon the coffin when it had been lowered into the grave] thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust!”

RAMBLING THOUGHTS ON MUSIC.

BY FERDINAND.

I AM not one of those who have become insane on the subject of music. In fact, I am decidedly hard to please wherever music is concerned. Your city instruments afford no satisfaction to my spirit, even though performed upon by the best musicians. In the calm seclusion of the country I am best pleased with the sounds of music. Those glad beings that "make vocal the woods," are not entirely unnoticed by me whenever I hear their pleasing voices. Their tones come fresh and entrancing, as from the very presence of the Creator himself. In the unbroken country, especially of a still night, even the harmony produced by artificial means affords much gratification. The notes of the bugle, on a still, moonlit night, coming from a distance, are full of delight. The sounds appear, in fancy, to come down from those orbs which, the bards tell us, are so full of melody. Grenville Mellen, in some very neat verses, alludes to the sound of the bugle at night.

O! wild, enchanting horn!
Whose music up the deep and dewy air
Swell to the clouds, and calls on Echo there,
Till a new melody is born—

Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
With still stars burning on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
With lone halloo and roundelay!

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stir'd spirit hears thee with a start
As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O! have you heard that peal,
From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around you steal!

Or have you in the roar
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise
Shriller than eagle's clamor, to the skies,
Where wings and tempests never soar?

Go, go—no other sound,
No music that of air or earth is born,
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

I recollect once having heard, at night, the full-throated song of an American mocking-bird. It was one of those still, lovely nights that follow the close of a western autumn day. The whole sky seemed to be dreaming of love, and the earth reflected its quiet happiness. I had wheeled out a big arm-chair in front of the door of our country cabin, and was seated between its easy arms, look-

ing at the stars, when the bird commenced. I do not see why Milton has called the nightingale a "most melancholy bird," if its tones at all resemble the bird of our clime. I was entirely carried away. I forgot every thing. I could not possibly have asserted, as my soul swelled with the rich music that was poured into it, that I was on the earth. All the stars in the sky seemed to melt into the dewy tenderness of angel eyes, as the bird sung to them. If you have ever heard the mocking-bird at night you can appreciate my felicity. Language is vain to describe it. When the song ceased I looked around, scarcely conscious of my whereabouts. My dog Fido sat at my feet, his ears erect, and his eyes dilated, as if he, too, was conscious of the beautiful and the divine harmony that had awoke the quietness of the hour.

Many animals, beside mocking-birds, and animals, too, of seemingly the most unmusical disposition, have been known to enjoy musical sounds. We have all heard of "musical mice," and yet how many persons there are who seem very skeptical on this subject! Yet that there are such things as mice having a taste for music, and with powers of giving musical entertainment I shall not gainsay. The thing is highly probable. Why not? A particular friend of mine, and one whom I can trust, says he once possessed a pet owl that had been taught to sing very much like a thrush. And if an ugly, frightful owl may learn to utter pleasant sounds, why may not a delicate, smooth-skinned, beautiful mouse that would not harm a butterfly?

A young gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, is fond of performing upon the flute. Once upon a time—for men of musical talents are not always rich in purse—he occupied a garret, so near the upper, outer air, that he could sometimes see the moonlight gleaming through the crevices of the roof and checkering the shadow on his floor. It happened that the garret was not as lonely as it might be; for a certain mouse—"a lovely, little fellow," my friend said—would creep out upon the floor, near his very feet, when he was indulging himself with the flute, with the obvious purpose of listening to the music. Now, my friend is a philanthropist, and felt an unusual pride in watching the antics of the little fellow during the musical performance. Not for all the earth would he have disturbed the admirer of his amateur performances. There was something truly encouraging, he thought, in the manner in which the little creature would prick up its ears and listen, or hop around the floor in delighted forgetfulness of his presence. The sounds of the instrument had destroyed every particle of fear in the mouse. It was my friend's pleasure, every night, on retiring from his labor, to take his flute and call upon his quiet companion, who invariably appeared. But one night he came not at the usual call. For several nights afterward the flute was played in vain. The little creature never came again. Whether it had got up a musical performance of its own, or whether it had

been destroyed by some predatory tom-cat, my friend knoweth not. But, to his regret, he never was able, by his most seducing and enticing tunes, to call the little animal from its sequestered residence. This anecdote, I assure the reader, is no fiction. My friend is willing to vouch for it on his honor. Testimony is not wanting, from the newspaper press, to confirm the incident I have related of the mouse. Since writing it, I have fallen upon the two subjoined items, well authenticated. Read:

"The Buffalo Commercial relates a curious fact in natural history, lately developed at the American Hotel, in that city. A family, having rooms in that hotel, lately left town for a few weeks. On their return, they found that a mouse was in the habit of constantly visiting the cage of a Canary bird which had remained in the room during their absence, having taken the opportunity of forming the acquaintance during the unusual stillness of the apartment. To the surprise of the family, it was found that the mouse had been taking lessons in singing, of its musical friend, and would constantly give forth notes in exact imitation of the Canary's tone, but low and sweet. The little creature now visits the cage nightly, eats of the seed, and endeavors, by its singing, to excite the attention and call forth the notes of the bird."

"The Charleston (Va.) Spirit of Jefferson speaks of a musical prodigy in the shape of a mouse, now in the possession of Mr. Aisquith, of that county. Mr. Aisquith was attracted several times by a singing in his room, at different intervals of the night, and curiosity induced him to set a watch, and, if possible, capture his *serenader*. He succeeded at last, and has him caged for the inspection of the curious. His notes are clear and distinct, and his imitations, so far, have been of familiar songsters, such as the partridge, chicken, Canary bird, etc."

I believe these statements, reader. Perhaps I am too credulous; but, strange as they may appear to you, I give them unqualified credence. Credulity, on such a subject, is not likely to ruin character nor fortune. Beside, my observation has taught me that the lower order of animals are not altogether as neglectful of melodious sounds as some wise persons may imagine.

Sometimes, in the still summer mornings, just before the sun has got out of his bed, I love to draw my arm-chair out on the grass before my door, and sing some trifling ditty, as I watch the sun reddening the heavens with a gradual light. These are my happiest hours, and I *can* sing then.

I have observed, during these musical recreations, a large English bird pause near me, and seem to be intently listening to the song. Can it be possible, I have often asked myself, that this bird really appreciates my musical talents? To test the fact, I have wheeled my chair to the other side of the house, and, to my astonishment, the bird has followed me; and, with one leg raised, and his head turned on one side, appeared to be drinking in every note, expressing, in the mean while, by the

sparkle of his eye, the greatest pleasure. From this circumstance, I have been led to the opinion that there exists, among the lower animals, an undoubted taste for musical sounds. I am firmly of the opinion that, by a regular and stringent course of training, all the inhabitants of the barn-yard and stable may be taught to maintain an admirable and harmonious chorus. If animals were not of more value in other departments, on the farm, I would advise a test of their musical faculties.

But, after all, what is the music of these poor creatures when compared with the wild music of the eagle as he screams in the clouds? Or what is it beside the still and silver hymn of some solitary forest-bird, which was born with the golden tongue of song?—which enraptured the mother bird with its voice ere it could bear itself from the nest with its little wings? Your domestic animals, after much training, may flutter through a few incomplete notes to the wonder of the curious; but the song-bird of the forest pours, from its "tongue of fire," an incessant gladness—a music that is as complete and divine as the ear of man could wish to listen to—a music that, even to the end, uplifts and inspirits the soul of the philosopher and the poet.

I am pleased to see, in our cities, a growing love of birds. It bespeaks a good taste and a good heart in the person who has his rooms filled with the sweet songsters. But I do not so much admire the imprisonment of the lovely things. I should like to see the streets of our cities built wide and airy, and rows of forest trees placed along the walks, where the birds might come in summer and amuse us. For, be assured of it, they *will* come. I have heard them, in the first blush of morning, in the suburb, having found some lofty tree, a relic of the vanished woodland, pouring forth such tones as would melt the heart of the misanthrope. I have heard them, at noon, in the stillness of some private street, singing their songs among the scant city trees. And I think their natural music a more pleasant sound than the thrum of the harsh piano, which we may hear wherever and whenever we walk the streets. We shall set that man down as an everlasting benefactor who erects a city in the forest, or a forest in the city, where the birds, unimprisoned, may cheer the heart of the mechanic at his toil and the merchant at his desk. To be sure, there are some ill-natured persons, money-getting fellows, who may laugh at these suggestions; but if they will only leave the city, one of these fine days, and go into the woods for an hour or so, and listen attentively, they will hear some very powerful and convincing arguments in favor of my remarks. If they do not come back hearty advocates for well-wooded cities, I shall set them down as incorrigible. Not all the ministrations of love can affect their hearts—cold and flinty as they are. Think of this, future city-builders, and erect your cities with a view to ornament as well as utility. Your children will bless your names if you do.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY FREDRICK.

CHAPTER XV.

Notices of Methodist local preachers in Chillicothe—Everard Harr—James English—Anecdote of Dr. T. Hinde—Thomas S. Hinde—His first sermon—Edward Scott—Joseph S. Collins—John Martin—John Shields—Notices of Methodist ladies in Chillicothe—Mrs. Mary Tiffin—Her conversion—Character—Extract from Bishop Asbury's Journal—Mrs. Rachel McDowell—Her conversion—Character—Death—Mrs. Rachel English—Mrs. Elizabeth Martin.

RESUMING our notices of the local preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, resident in Chillicothe in 1807, we come now to speak of those who had never entered the itinerant ministry. It was our intention to have given first in this connection an outline memoir of Dr. Edward Tiffin, who may be regarded as the pioneer of Methodism in Chillicothe; but, on glancing along the history of his public and private life, we find that justice to his memory and worth would require a more extended notice than we can here find room for. We reserve it, then, as the subject for the next or some future chapter.

Everard Harr is supposed to be a native of Pennsylvania. He emigrated from near Carlisle, in that state, and settled in Chillicothe in 1798, where he followed the business of reed-making. On the organization of the first society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was appointed its leader. Mr. Harr was a man of deep piety, of great simplicity of manners, and of modest and unassuming deportment. His talents as a preacher were but moderate; and his power of speech having been impaired by paralysis, he was for many years before his death unable to preach. He died in great peace in 1811.

James English, a native of Virginia, resided at Newtown, Frederick county, in that state, whence he emigrated, and settled in Chillicothe about the year 1805, where he followed the business of a plasterer. As a local preacher, he did not often minister to the congregation in Chillicothe, but, we believe, occasionally preached in the country. His talent was for exhortation rather than for preaching; and being sensible of this himself, he, for many years, declined ministering in the pulpit, but exercised his gift in exhortation. His license as a local preacher was finally, at his own request, exchanged for that of exhorter.

Mr. English was naturally of a very sanguine temperament, and exceedingly zealous in the cause of truth and righteousness. He became, indeed, a "terror to evil-doers" by his untiring efforts to detect and punish them. But his zeal would sometimes outrun his discretion, and bring him into unpleasant difficulties, both with his brethren and others. In his views of right and wrong he was often like the Indian's tree, which was "so straight up that it leaned t'other way." Yet few or none

ascribed his zeal to improper motives, or doubted his sincerity or piety. Even his enemies, when laid upon a bed of sickness, have been known to send for him to counsel and pray with them. No man was more constant and punctual than he in the discharge of all his duties as trustee, steward, or class-leader, or in visiting the sick and ministering to their wants; and his seat in the sanctuary, at class, or prayer meeting, was never empty when it was in his power to attend. The death of his amiable and devoted wife, about ten years ago, was a severe stroke upon Mr. English, who survived her but three or four years. His health soon began to fail, and the infirmities of age advanced upon him more rapidly. He lodged alone in a room built a few yards from the dwelling-house, to which, in the last year or two of his life, it was his usual custom to retire for the night at about four o'clock in the afternoon. One of the family, passing his window an hour or two after he had retired, one afternoon, saw him lying upon the floor, partly undressed. On entering the room, he was found insensible, in a fit of apoplexy; and in the course of the evening he expired.

Thomas S. Hinde was born in Virginia, but brought up in Kentucky, to which state his father's family removed when he was a boy. His father, Dr. Thomas Hinde, a physician of some celebrity, was an Englishman, inheriting the usual characteristics of his countrymen—strong in his prejudices and dogmatic in sustaining his own opinions. He is frequently mentioned by Bishop Asbury in his Journal. The following anecdote of the Doctor and his excellent lady was told to us by his son forty years ago: About the year 1788 Mrs. Hinde was awakened and converted under the preaching of a Methodist minister in Virginia, and joined the Church. She rejoiced in the Lord greatly, and praised him with joyful lips. So great was the change in her, that the Doctor, after vainly striving to reason her out of her religion, concluded her to be insane. He immediately put her under a course of medical treatment for insanity, by copious bleeding, shaving her head and applying a large blister to it, and putting her on low diet! But the Doctor failed to cure her of her religion. She rejoiced and praised God daily, affectionately exhorting her husband the mean while to come to Christ and be a partaker of like precious faith. The Doctor, disappointed in his efforts to cure his wife, and confounded by her cheerful submission to his treatment, was at his wit's end. Her discreet conduct in all things, and especially her persuasive and eloquent appeals to his judgment and conscience, finally changed his views concerning the nature of her complaint, and strong conviction fastened upon his mind, and he became a deeply penitent seeker of salvation; and it was not long before he, too, was enabled to rejoice in God his Savior. The Doctor continued from that time a deeply pious and happy man, rejoicing daily in the love of God. Indeed, the remainder of his life was spent in

almost continual prayer and praise, and in doing good. This happy couple lived to a very advanced age, and died triumphantly only a few years since. But to return to the subject of this notice.

Thomas S. Hinde, while yet a very young man—in 1806, we think—went to Chillicothe, and, in partnership with another young man—Mr. R. D. Richardson—edited and published a newspaper, under the title of the “*Fredonian*.” In the year following Mr. Hinde embraced religion, and united himself to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The editing and conducting a political paper not being congenial with his changed religious views and feelings, he disposed of his interest therein to his partner, and retired from it, and engaged in locating military lands and in land jobbing. In his religious profession he was exceedingly earnest, and very zealous in promoting the interests of the Church and of religion and morality. His zeal, however, was rather of the ascetic kind; and he usually took a prominent part in the arraignment and trial of brethren accused of offenses, seemingly aiming at the excision of the accused rather than their acquittal or reformation. Yet in this he, doubtless, believed himself to be “*doing God service*.” A year or two after his conversion Mr. Hinde was licensed to preach. We well remember hearing his first effort in the pulpit, in the little old chapel in Chillicothe. It was night, and curiosity to hear his initial discourse had drawn out a full house. His text was a strange one for such an occasion: “*My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I can not hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war,*” *Jer. iv, 19.* He commenced under much embarrassment, and labored through a desultory exordium with great trepidation. There was no coherence in his discourse. It was a violent effort at sounding the tocsin of alarm to the Church, to arouse her to muster her little band of warriors in battle array against the combined forces of “*the world, the flesh, and the devil.*” In the effort he wrought up his feelings into a “*fine frenzy*,” ever and anon repeating the clauses of his text, “*My bowels, my bowels!*” “*I am pained at my very heart!*” “*my heart maketh a noise in me!*” placing his hands, at the same time, on the physical organs named, while the contortions of his countenance and the violence of his gesticulation might well lead the hearers to suppose that he was really laboring under a severe fit of the colic and palpitation of the heart.

About 1817 Mr. Hinde removed to Mount Carmel, in Illinois, a new town just laid out by himself, Dr. M'Dowell, and the late Rev. W. Beauchamp, on the west bank of the Wabash river, near the Grand Rapids. Mr. Hinde published in the Methodist Magazine, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, a series of papers, entitled, “*Short Sketches of Revivals of Religion in the Western Country.*” These “*Sketches*,” although incomplete, contain

much valuable materials for the history of Methodism. He published afterward occasional papers in the Advocate and Journal, New York, and in the Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati. Of his life after his removal to Mount Carmel we have but little knowledge. He died there some three years ago.

Edward Scott was an Irishman, and a member of the Methodist society in his native land. After his emigration to the United States, he settled in Philadelphia, where he resided a few years, pursuing his business—that of a tailor. In 1806 he removed to Chillicothe, where he continued the same business. As a local preacher, his labors on the Sabbath were chiefly in the adjacent parts of the country, but occasionally he preached in town. His talents as a preacher were pretty good, and his discourses animated. He had much warmth of feeling, a nice sense of honor, and was ardent and constant in his friendships—a genuine example of an honest, true, and warm-hearted Irishman. Some years before his death he associated himself with the New Light—or Christian—Church, and exercised the ministerial office among them. He died in 1824.

Joseph S. Collins is a native of the state of Delaware, whence he removed to Chillicothe prior to 1807, but in what year we know not. He was a printer, and worked some time in the printing-office of Nathaniel Willis—the father, we believe, of the celebrated poet, N. P. Willis—who was the first publisher of the Scioto Gazette, one of the oldest newspapers in the state. Mr. Collins, in conjunction with two other printers, afterward purchased the Scioto Gazette establishment from Mr. Willis, and continued the publication. At what time Mr. Collins embraced religion and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church we do not now recollect, but it was prior to 1807. He was licensed to preach about 1808, and frequently ministered in the pulpit in town. He was a man of much reading and general intelligence, of nice critical acumen, with a great fondness for logic, metaphysics, moral science, and kindred subjects, and withal took a deep interest in the political affairs of the country, in which, as editor of a political paper, he was well posted up. His pulpit ministrations were of a very respectable order. His language was good, but somewhat florid and diffuse, yet very chaste; and his elocution very agreeable.

In 1812 Mr. Collins was appointed to a clerkship in the General Land Office at Washington City, by his personal friend, Dr. Tiffin, who had himself just been appointed Commissioner of that office. Disposing of his interest in the printing-office to his partners, Mr. Collins immediately repaired to his new post at Washington, which he occupied, we believe, for nearly thirty years. He retired from this post some years ago, and, as we learn, is now residing in Baltimore, at an advanced age. His oldest son—the Rev. John A. Collins, of the Baltimore conference—is a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

John Martin, an Englishman by birth, settled in Chillicothe in 1806 or 1807, where he followed the business of a baker. He was a preacher of rather inferior talents, and of very impulsive feelings, which often led him to use great severity and roughness in his denunciations in the pulpit, thereby giving offense to his hearers. He some years afterward removed to Columbus, and subsequently to some part of Maryland, where he died many years ago.

John Shields was an Irishman. After emigrating to this country, he settled in Virginia, where he pursued his business as a bricklayer. He there married a sister of the Rev. Seely Bunn, a well-known traveling minister. At what time Mr. Shields was licensed to preach we are not informed. He removed to Chillicothe about 1807, where he continued his business as a bricklayer. As a preacher, his talent was of an average grade. He had a ready utterance and an animated delivery. He removed to Columbus about 1817, and two or three years thereafter he went to the south, where he died.

We have now completed our notices of all the Methodist ministers and preachers resident in Chillicothe in 1807, and shall close the chapter by introducing to the reader a few of the Methodist ladies in that town, and of the same period.

Mrs. Mary Tiffin, wife of Gov. Edward Tiffin, and daughter of Mr. Robert Worthington, was born in Berkeley—now Jefferson—county, Va., about the year 1768. Brought up in gay and fashionable life, and surrounded by ease and luxury, she lived without the knowledge of God, till a year or two after her marriage with Dr. Tiffin, then a gay and sprightly young gentleman. In 1790 they were both awakened and converted through the instrumentality of the Methodist ministry, and were received into the Church by the Rev. Thomas Scott—now Judge Scott, of Chillicothe—who then, at the age of eighteen years, had charge of Berkeley circuit. The change in Mrs. Tiffin was deep and thorough. She forsook, at once and forever, all the follies and vanities of the world, and became from that time, in self-denial, in cross-bearing, in all practical godliness, in doctrinal views, in every thing, an example to the flock of Christ—a genuine Methodist lady, of the good old Wesleyan stamp. Forsoaking the company of her former associates in folly, she sought the society of those who, although “the poor of this world,” were “rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom;” thus “choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”

After the removal of Dr. and Mrs. Tiffin to Chillicothe in 1795, their house became the home for the messengers of Christ, and for pious strangers visiting the place in search of suitable locations for settling. Finding no religious society in town, Mrs. Tiffin attached herself to a class organized by the Doctor himself, at Mr. Davenport's, twelve miles north of Chillicothe. She was the leader of the

first female class formed in that town, and discharged the duties thereof with much ability and usefulness. She was a strict observer of the holy Sabbath; and as an instance of this, she never allowed any cooking to be done in her house on that day. The late Rev. James Quinn told us many years ago, that, dining at Dr. Tiffin's one Sabbath day, during the sitting of the old Western conference, when Bishop Asbury and a number of other ministers were present, every thing on the table had been prepared the day previous, and Mrs. Tiffin, in reference to her cold dinner, simply remarked, “Brethren will remember that this is the Lord's day.” In good works and supplying the wants of the needy she was ever diligent. And in all holy conversation and godliness, in exalted and fervent piety, in calmness and equanimity of mind, in sweetness of temper, which she diffused all around her, she had no superior. She died in the latter part of 1807, in the blissful hope of everlasting life; and her remains were interred in the family burying-ground of Governor Worthington—who was her brother—two miles from Chillicothe. Mrs. Tiffin was a great favorite of Bishop Asbury, whose just discrimination of character is well known. On the occasion of his visit to Chillicothe in 1808, he wrote thus in his Journal:

“I was invited to pass a night under the hospitable roof of General Thomas Worthington, at Mount Prospect Hall. [Afterward named by the family “Adena.”] Within sight of this beautiful mansion lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin. It was as much as I could do to forbear weeping as I mused over her speaking grave—how mutely eloquent! Ah! the world knows little of my sorrows—little knows how dear to me are my many friends, and how deeply I feel their loss. But they all die in the Lord; and this shall comfort me. I delivered my soul here; may this dear family feel an answer to Mary Tiffin's prayers!” (Vol. iii, p. 249.)

Mrs. Rachel M'Dowell, wife of Dr. W. M'Dowell, and daughter of James and Mary M'Clintick, was born in the borough of Carlisle, Penn., December 25, 1771. Her father was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and served during its whole period, and in which he lost all his property. When eighteen years old, she was awakened and converted under the ministry of the first Methodist preachers who visited Shippensburg, twenty miles south-west of Carlisle, whither her father's family had removed. A little class was soon formed in that town, to which she attached herself. This little flock was greatly persecuted and despised, as a set of wild, deluded fanatics. But none of these things moved Miss M'Clintick, who gloried in the cross of Christ. Her piety was deep and fervent, and in their prayer meetings she often prayed and exhorted. In 1795 she was married to the Rev.—afterward Doctor—W. M'Dowell, noticed in a former chapter. Soon after this they removed to Petersburg, in Georgia, where Mr. M'Dowell engaged in very profitable mercantile business. But

disliking to bring up a family where slavery had taken such deep root, they removed, in 1798, to Newtown, Frederick county, Va. Here their house was opened, as it had been in Georgia, for the preaching of the Gospel, and a flourishing society was raised up. After residing there about seven years, they emigrated to Ohio, and settled in Chillicothe. In good works and in charity to the poor and destitute, as well as in promoting the cause of religion and morality, Mrs. M'Dowell always took an active and prominent part. In prayer meetings she was usually called upon to pray, in which exercise she was peculiarly gifted. Indeed, we have seldom, if ever, heard any one pray with more appropriateness, unction, and power. For many years she was leader of a large female class, for which important office few leaders that we have ever known were equally well qualified. And in the absence of her husband, she kept up family worship. In accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity, as taught by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in explaining and defending them, and also in deep and thorough knowledge of Christian experience, we have never known her equal among her own sex, nor, indeed, many superiors even in the ministry.

In 1831 Mrs. M'Dowell's health failed, and she was laid upon a dying bed. A few days before her death she desired to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper, which was administered to her and several preachers and other friends, in her room, by the late Rev. John Collins. During the solemn service she rejoiced in the Lord greatly, and shouted his praise aloud. A short time before her departure, her husband, taking her hand, said, "You are going to leave me; tell me, is your way clear?" "C, yes," she replied, "very clear! I have been striving to serve the Lord in my poor way for forty years, and he will not now forsake me. I feel so united to Christ that I know 'he will not live in glory, and leave me behind.' His merit is my only plea; he is my all in all, and my eternal all!" Again she said to her husband, "Be holy!" and then added, "The Lord bless my children!" and in ten minutes afterward gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. Rachel Inglish, wife of Rev. James Inglish, was from Newtown, Frederick county, Va., and was a Methodist long before her removal to Chillicothe, and one of the genuine stamp. Her religion added new charms and greater luster to her naturally amiable disposition and sweetness of spirit, which shed a pleasant and salutary influence over those around her, both in the domestic and social circle. She was a fine example of the humble, diligent, faithful, and deeply pious Christian, whose holy life was like "a city that is set on an hill, which can not be hid." She died about ten years ago, after a brief illness, with a hope full of immortality.

Mrs. Elizabeth Martin, wife of the Rev. John Martin, was a Baltimore Methodist, and well sustained the high character of the model Methodist

ladies of that city, in her plainness and neatness of dress, in her exemplary Christian deportment, and in her strict conformity in all things to good, old-fashioned Methodism. Kind and affectionate in her family, pleasant and friendly in all her intercourse with others, holy in her daily walk and conversation, she was a bright example of the reigning power and transforming nature of divine grace. She was, moreover, a woman of fine personal appearance, of remarkable beauty, and easy and graceful in all her movements and manners. She died some years ago, we are informed, in one of the interior towns of Maryland, whither the family had removed.

The names of several other Methodist ladies of Chillicothe are on our list, whom we had intended to introduce to the reader; but our chapter is full, and we must close.

THE CHURCH.

ISAIAH, CHAPTER LXII, VERSE 1-5

For Zion's sake—chastised of God—

I will not hold my peace;

For Salem—smitten by his rod—

My labors shall not cease.

I'll daily wrestle at his throne

For mercy to the race

Of Judah; are they not his own?

Shall they not find his grace?

Yes; when his Church is stirred to pray,

O, Salem! for thy line,

As orient light of breaking day

Thy righteousness shall shine.

As lamp that cheers the gloomy night,

Shall thy salvation be;

Gentiles shall hail thy rising light,

And kings thy glory see.

Emerging from the cloud of woe,

As God's own fold confest;

A nobler name he shall bestow,

And men shall own thee blest.

Thy Lord himself shall thee uphold—

A crown of glory bright,

A diadem of royal mold

Forever in his sight.

Forsaken thou no more shalt lie—

No more thy land shall pine;

Beulah shall be its title high,

And Hephzi-bah be thine.

Thy scattered sons, from many a shore,

Shall eager throng to thee;

Widowed and desolate no more—

Thy land shall married be.

In thee, as bridegroom o'er his bride,

Jehovah shall rejoice;

For evermore thou shalt abide

The people of his choice.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY HARRIET N. NOTES.

Our house was in one of the loneliest places of a thinly settled border township. It was a square, flat-roofed edifice, built by some aspiring ancestor, who began and was not able to finish; and as the lower story was ample enough for the means and populousness of the family, the upper remained unfurnished and unfinished to the end. Through this the wind moaned and shrieked drearily all the long winter, and the snow-flakes drifted in through the crannies, and lay in little heaps over the floor. In the winter evenings I often sat with our old Scotch woman Elsie only; and I drew my little chair nearer and nearer to the big fire in the old stone chimney, while she told stories of wilder and stranger times, when there were witches, and warnings, and death-lights, and *visible* spirits upon the earth. And as she went on, the shadows playing on the walls seemed to grow darker and more fantastic, assuming such shapes as made me think that giants, and castles, and witch-dances had come again; and I drew my chair still nearer to the fire, and nearer to Elsie, with a vague, paralyzing terror, which has made me nervous in dark places to this very day. When she had talked herself into a doze, I sometimes ventured to the window, and watched the shadows grow long upon the moonlit snow, or looked yearningly away over the hills, pressing my face closer to the window-pane, and, as if there were protection in the thought, wishing that mother would never go away; for Elsie never repeated such strange stories to her.

But the summers in those days—O there was no loneliness then! From the roof there was a fine view of the country northward, far over the green fields and pleasant woodlands on the Canadian side; and westward it was but a little way to the waters of the wildly beautiful Memphramagog. The mountains on its farther shore limited the view in that direction, rising in steep, craggy bluffs from the water—lonely and wild even in these days, when there are throngs of pleasure-seekers in their vicinity, and the steamer goes shrieking and puffing by, and much more so then, notorious as the lurking-place of many a law-evader, and the rendezvous of a league of false coiners, who defied and escaped justice for many years. There were patches of clearing up and down the lake shores, and rude huts of ruder men, whose ostensible occupation was making inroads upon the forests about them, and at night the pitch-pine torches of their fishing-boats glittered like fire-flies upon the water; but many a bundle of contraband goods was stowed away in some of these same boats, whose light went out suddenly, and the skiff lay still under the shadow of the maples or in a cove of Province Island, as the boat of his Majesty's deputies went up the lake in pursuit.

Farther back in the township, and in our more

immediate vicinity, the original settlers were emigrants from Connecticut. Of course, they were staid, church-going, Puritanical people, who trained up their children after the straitest sect of their religion unmolested, so remote were they from the influence of a worldlier and less rigidly upright spirit. They were withal sterling Christians—quiet, conscientious, exemplary men, who gave proof of their faith in godly lives and conversation. Theirs were also lives of toil, who made the wilderness into which they went bud and blossom as the rose, and such toil as left scant opportunities for intellectual culture and the development of a symmetrical character. Consequently, there were few books. Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Bunyan's *Holy War* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, Hervey's *Meditations*, The Book of *Martyrs*, and works of kindred character, were in almost every house—the well-read embodiments of the faith of our ancestors, and the exponents of a phase of Christianity, severe and intolerant, but sincere, devout, and uniform.

Excepting the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Fox's Martyrology*, they were entirely above my comprehension. Perhaps I should have included the whole; for even these were only interesting mysteries. The latter, with its rude pictures of the wheel and the rack, of crucifixions and burnings, sent a thrill of horror through my heart, and left a feeling of reverent adoration for the sublime faith, whose crowning glory lay in the patient endurance of such things, and whose advocates went "up out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The *Pilgrim's Progress* I read again and again, with a childish, wondering faith in its literal truth, half tempted to start on over the green hills to seek for myself the House of Mercy and the City of Peace; and it seemed to me that the blue hills far away in the south, bathed in sunshine, must be the Delectable Mountains, from whose radiant summits the Pilgrim looked over the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the land of Beulah, and thought he "saw the very gate of the Celestial City, and some of the glory of the place."

Years of sorrowful experience went by me before I comprehended that these strange wayfarers were my neighbors and kinsfolk, and the city toward which they were journeying unfolded itself to my chastened vision, higher than the clouds, clear and radiantly glorious with the presence of the Lamb. I watched with new interest some of those who were about me, as they seemed approaching nearer and nearer to it, till at last I could say, with the dreamer, "Just as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in there walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered

one another without intermission, saying, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord! And after that they shut the gates, which when I saw I wished myself among them."

THE SOUL IMMORTAL.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"The stars shall fade away,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in years; but thou
Shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

IMMORTALITY is the goal of human existence, the high destiny of man! The tabernacle of clay, the temporary encasement of the God-made and God-like soul, may tumble into ruins and decay, but the light of immortality remains unobscured and unextinguished by the ravages of the fell destroyer; for

"The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
An orb of day."

By the very constitution of his nature, man feels his heirship to perpetual being, and walks the earth under the high consciousness of immortality. Addison not inelegantly nor untruthfully says, "There is a divinity that stirs within us, and points out a hereafter, and intimates eternity to man." Man has, in every age and in every clime, as it were, by the light of his own intuitions, reached, with more or less mental certainty, the ennobling and sublime thought of an endless perpetuation of his existence beyond the grave. But the human mind and its consciousness have not been left by their own unaided powers to solve the problem of the soul's immortality. The precious volume of revelation, sparkling in the radiance of its own divinity, and glowing in the infinite love of Heaven to man, sets the matter in bold relief, and assures us beyond doubt that "life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel."

God could, by possibility, never have designed the human soul, with its fearfully tremendous powers and mighty susceptibilities, to find its ultimatum of bliss and being within earth's circumscribed boundaries. The supposition that "death is an eternal sleep," and that the grave puts the extinguisher upon man's brightest hopes and fondest anticipations, is a derogation from the Divine wisdom and goodness, and repulsive to every feeling of our better nature. In man's creation little of wisdom or goodness is displayed—we write it with reverence—if, with all his immense activities and energies, his towering hopes and distressing fears, his being does not outlive the present life. He is "fearfully and wonderfully made" in part, in that

eternity is to be his future home, and the theater for the unfolding and development of his godlike powers forever. A soul thus made, and made for a destiny commensurate with itself—a soul capable of penetrating almost at a glance the world of mind and of matter, whose every attribute revolts at the idea of annihilation, must be designed, after being purified by the blood of the atonement, as a bright gem to light up and adorn the eternal city of God.

Then, fair reader, pilgrimaging on through time to eternity, if immortality be our destiny, let this life, untiringly devoted to God, make it an immortality of bliss. Let us live and act for eternity, and then at death we shall have "right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Thank God, that amid the wild elemental war of earth, air, fire, and water, when planets are seen flying lawless in the liquid sky, when all nature is a heap of ruins, and when the great pendulum of the clock of time hangs still and motionless in eternity, the redeemed soul shall stand unharmed, and shall bask forever in the sunlight of an immortal day!

DRAWING NEAR TO GOD.

PRAYER is the very life-breath of true religion. It is one of the first evidences that a man is born again. "Behold," said the Lord of Saul, in the day he sent Ananias to him, "behold he prayeth." He had begun to pray, and that was proof enough.

Prayer was the distinguishing mark of the Lord's people in the day that there began to be a separation between them and the world. "Then began men to call on the name of the Lord."

Prayer is the peculiarity of all real Christians now. They pray; for they tell God their wants, their feelings, their desires, their fears, and mean what they say. The nominal Christian may repeat prayers, and good prayers, too, but he goes no further.

Prayer is the turning-point in man's soul. Our ministry is unprofitable, and our labor is vain, till you are brought to your knees. Till then, we have no hope about you.

Prayer is one great secret of spiritual prosperity. When there is much private communion with God, your soul will grow like grass after rain; when there is little, all is at a stand-still—you will barely keep your soul alive. Show me a growing Christian, a going-forward Christian, a strong Christian, a flourishing Christian, and sure am I he is one that speaks often with the Lord. He asks much, and he has much. He tells Jesus every thing, and so he always knows how to act.

So long as you have a tongue to tell your soul's state, you may and ought to pray. Those words, "Ye have not, because you ask not," will be a fearful condemnation to many in the day of judgment.

A MORNING VISION.

BY JAMES SUMMILL.

"Get up, Thomas," said I, one morning, very early, to my cousin; "get up, and your curiosity to see how nature looks at sunrise shall be satisfied. A gray streak of light is just shooting up from behind Azure Hill. The sun will soon appear."

My cousin Tom rubbed his eyes, and, leaping from his bed, prepared to see the sun rise. As soon as he had dressed himself, we started for the hill on a run. A good, excitable journey in the early morning is refreshing. Did you ever try it, reader? Ah! I am afraid not. Many of you, doubtless, like the sluggard, turn from side to side in your beds, with a lazy luxury, long after the sun has arisen, and even complain that you are compelled to arise then. Now, this is habit—all habit—and it is the worst habit that can befall any human being. It is to your welfare to get rid of this habit. Take my advice thus far, and you will thank me for having given it: Arise every morning, in the summer season, at four o'clock; take a bath in the nearest brook, if you have not the proper bathing apparatus in your room; then start out into the air, and walk as rapidly as you can till near breakfast-time. Depend upon it, by this course your habit of lazily lying in bed till the third breakfast bell rings will be decidedly eradicated, to your pleasure and benefit.

By the time Thomas and I had reached the hill-top, the sun began to appear. On one side lay a valley in complete shade, with no sound of life within it. In a valley on the other side the sun beamed in newly risen splendor, and the birds were astir, and the farmers were preparing for the day's labor, and life was visible every-where. Tom, as he glanced from one side to the other, seemed much interested, and said it appeared to him as if he were looking upon two different worlds. One was silent and dark. No sound came from its depths. The cottages and farms lay in complete shadow. The inhabitants were, perhaps, still dreaming in their beds. The other was all life—all motion. The smoke was curling from the cottage chimneys; the farmers were in the yards, feeding their domestic animals; the streams sparkled in the sunlight; the trees lifted up their arms, welcoming a new day; the birds hurried from tree to tree, and from bush to bush, in happiest glee.

"Did you ever see a sight so rich in contrast, Tom?"

An enthusiastic look from my cousin's eyes was the only reply.

Long would we have dwelt upon these different prospects, but the sun, as it crept up the heavens, brushed the shade from the westward valley, and revealed its surpassing loveliness. Quietly, slowly stole the sun down the mountain pathway, lighting up the tops of the trees at first, till they appeared

as if the autumn's stern looks had paled them; and then darting down through the leaves, it poured its radiance on the gnarled limbs and trunks till they fairly glistened. Finally, the cottages far beneath us, stood out in bolder relief on the landscape, as if an experienced painter had suddenly filled up their shadowy outlines with his sunny pencil.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried Tom, clapping his hands, as the sun, by slow degrees, disclosed the glorious landscape below: "I shall be here every morning!"

Enthusiastic boy! how soon he forgot his determination!

"My dear cousin," said I, "it is not always that I can promise myself a scene so delicious as the one you have just witnessed. Sometimes it rains, and then I am prevented from seeing it; and during the whole winter, from some cause, both valleys are revealed almost at the same time. We can not then see the shadow by degrees creeping down the hill, and, when at the bottom, suddenly fading 'into thin air,' like a ghost, as to-day. I attribute this principally to the situation of the hill, and the position of the sun in the respective seasons. But no matter for the cause. It is even so. Every morning in summer the weather is not so favorable as it has been to-day, and, therefore, even at this season, we may not always witness the same beautiful changes of shadow and sunshine."

"Then I shall retain this vision in my memory."

"That is right," said I. "Always remember the lovely sights that the great Artist has permitted you to behold. Transcribe them indelibly upon your mind. They have within, and disclose, upon close inspection, or in reflecting upon them, such divine lessons as man, in all his eloquence, can never be able to teach."

My cousin, as we walked homeward, confessed that the view from the hill-top had filled his soul with such a radiance as he had never felt before; and as he said his prayers that morning, his spirit bowed down with more childlike reverence than usual to the Creator of the universe.

ON LOVING.

The following beautiful paragraph is from the pen of Jean Paul Richter, a German writer of note:

"The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much the more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

BY P. L.

As I was sitting in a reading-room the other evening, reading a daily newspaper, I encountered an article which advocated, in the strongest terms, the "rights of woman." The "rights of woman" are beginning to attract much attention in the press of the day. "If," said the article which I read, "woman has the *right* to be taxed, and to be generally amenable to the laws of the country, why has she not the right to express her views with respect to the making of those laws by which she is governed?" This is not bad reasoning, thought I. I shall certainly examine this subject; for I know that only by examination I may discover whether the present position of womankind is in accordance with strict justice. I find that the mass of men are too apt to condemn, upon the instant, those opinions that do not conform with their long-established notions. We are all governed, more or less, by prejudice. Those ideas—good, bad, and indifferent—which governed our forefathers in their actions are revered by their children as truths too substantial to be eradicated, and of which to speak ill is almost unpardonable. The man who can rid himself of these hereditary fancies, and look into and throughout the world with a clear, calm spirit, has accomplished something which should give to him the name of philosopher. He will certainly see the world as it really is, and will be able to segregate and analyze its virtues and its vices.

But it is not always men of this calm spirit who throw aside their old-established customs, and advocate, with unbending determination, a new order of society. Though they may perceive the imperfection of the present state of things, they wish to see the model of a better before they will determine upon a "reform." Among the advocates of social reform there are many persons of mind and character—persons who have made their impress upon the age; but it must be admitted, even by the well-wishers of "the rights of man and woman," that there are a great many engaged in the reform movement whose earnest bigotry has awoke a distaste in the public mind for all modern reforms. Be assured of this—mild language and logical reasoning will have more effect upon the minds of intelligent men and women than abuse. We must have our old-fashioned beliefs dealt with pleasantly. They must be eradicated gradually and by the slowest degrees, as the harsh surfaces of the diamond are smoothed.

When the ladies of the United States become satisfied that the "lords of creation" are depriving them of their rights, and come to the determination to have justice done them, believe me, the "lords" will soon surrender. But, as far as I have seen, the ladies are perfectly satisfied with their condition here. They know that they are socially far above the women on any other part of the earth—that they are actually above the men themselves.

VOL. XII.—36

I need not go further than the next assembly to prove this. See with what forced complacency that young gentleman yields his seat to the simpering, vain young lady who has just come into the overflowing house. She takes it as a matter of course, without so much as a "thank ye;" while he—poor "lord!"—who had come early to be assured of a seat, sneaks off into the crowd to conceal his chagrin.

When the "women" who want their "rights" to vote, and to wield the sledge, and to practice physic, and to plead at the bar, and to hold civil offices, shall have obtained them, they must not expect to be treated with such gallantry. In the public gatherings they will meet with the rude jostle and the insult from rough men, and must carry their own braggadocio with them for defense. The "lords," in political contests for office, selfish as politicians are, will not discuss opinions with females less desperately than with their own sex; for they go upon the principle, sorry I am to say it, "that in politics, as in war, every thing is fair." No, ladies, your own good sense, I am happy to see, tells you where you are most dignified and lovely. Where you are now. How are we rough, world-hardened fellows to love you when you drop your womanhood—when your sublime individuality is lost in the commonplace individuality of *us*? Ah! what becomes of our enjoyments then around the blessed fireside, where the tender tones of love blend with the harmony of the singing steam? The tenderness is gone; the voice that seemed to drop balm into our toil-worn spirits has given place to the gruff disputation of a "reformed" woman. Instead of the ministrations of domestic kindness, we have a polemical dispute, or a political diatribe, or a disquisition on commerce. We love you as you *are*; we give you all you desire as gallants; your influence over us is without bounds. As you *would be*, our feelings would be different; and so would yours. You would be instantly advocating a *re-reform*, in which you might obtain your former "rights."

But we are told by one of the strongest advocates of "woman's rights"—a lady, too, of mind, but one who, I think, has become overfervid upon her favorite theme—that men *tyrannize* over the women. In what way? Why, in not permitting them the same privileges men have themselves. Have the ladies, as a mass, asked for those privileges? Do they really want them? I think not. Some very beautiful and sensible articles have been published in the Repository and other periodicals throughout the country, in which ladies have "defined their position" in unmistakable language. They cling, with a love that never, never can be alienated, to the customs of their mothers; and the name of "hearthstone" to them is as musical as the songs of the angels. All of the divine nature of true, heart-gladdening woman speaks out as from the shrine of their souls. *They* do not feel at all ashamed of their position, moral or social, in

society. No; they glory in the custom that has placed them where they are, and feel that they will have enough to do to improve the moral condition of the human race, in the proper rearing of those young beings who are to represent the future generations. They know that if both sexes are to be engaged in the same ambitious strife, the minds of the young will be neglected. That qualifying influence which removes the harshness of "Adam's first sin," and which woman so genially exerts upon the yet untaught spirit, is entirely necessary to prevent the race from degenerating into the savage—its natural tendency.

The women of America, by word and by implication, have protested against a destruction of their individuality and their usefulness, and they will not swerve therefrom. The world would have cause for regret if they did.

"But," says one, "what has my desire to vote, and to assist in making laws for the government of myself, to do with all this? Can I not vote and attend to my family duties, also, as you men vote and attend to your regular business?" A plain question, which, to be sure, is or seems unanswerable. But the ground I have assumed, notwithstanding this pertinent question, remains untouched.

Do you not know, my fair readers, that men, during these excitements, do not strictly attend to their business? The human mind is ever looking forward; and there is not one man among us all, who is able to reason and debate, that does not look forward to the day when his fellow-citizens may call upon him to "do the state some service." The majority, or a great number, at least, of our voters, during political contests, become absorbed in the interests of their country. Wrangles and disputations, and not of the mildest character either, are frequent; and the heart becomes hardened and the disposition stern; and therein is one of the numerous causes of man's nature being diverse from that of woman. In those hours man neglects his family, or devotes, at best, but a trifling portion of his time to its culture, and the task devolves upon woman. Now, were women, also, to become such fervent patriots—which they would obviously do, if voters—the "young and rising generation" would lose that complete attendance which is so essential to its correct growth. The conclusion is plain. The majority of American women are not willing to try the experiment of losing the affections of their husbands and brothers for the sake of a visionary "right." You may depend upon this!

Before I conclude, I would say, woman has one greater *tyrant* than man, over which she should strive to gain the ascendancy. That tyrant is Fashion. Let Fashion utter the most absurd edict, and woman bows to the law with a smile. I admire the independence and strength of mind of the "Bloomers," who, regardless of the sneers of the world, threw aside those long, dragging, ungraceful robes which have been worn time out of mind, and adopted a costume of a more comfortable

and graceful pattern. But Fashion hooted, and the novel style was ultimately cast aside. Had Paris, the *beau monde*, originated the "Bloomer," the *fury* in its favor would have been universal. We would have seen no more in the streets the skirts of the dress, heavy with mud and water, flapping ludicrously around the ankles of our fair dames. Some of the ablest medical men spoke favorably of the healthfulness of the new costume, and a number of artists and the literati—men whose taste and judgment must be respected—admired its beauty. But Fashion frowned upon it, and it ceased to exist.

To please this tyrant, the ladies neglect their health, and appear in the most ridiculously unsuitable wardrobe. Travelers from England—that land of buxom, rosy-cheeked women—speak in surprise of the foolish customs that prevail among our women—such as the wearing thin shoes in all seasons, the compressing of the waist till the human form bears the shape of an hour-glass, and other customs just as disgraceful and dangerous. Our country girls, to be sure, are not so abject in their subjection to Fashion. You will find many of them who will bear comparison, in health and vigor of constitution, to any class of females of any country. The fact is, they have matters to attend to that Fashion does not respect. The domestic work of a farm-house expels all thoughts of the frivolities of gay life. It does not admit of sufficient leisure for rouging, and hair-curling, and corseting. The rough farm-grounds and country roads require leather of greater stamina than is to be found in the gossamer slippers of the city belle. Instead of simpering before the glass, the country girl is to be found in the open air, with imbrown'd locks, assisting on the farm. Her whole life—which is a happy one—is passed in disseminating peace, and plenty, and love among her kindred and her friends. A blessing on the country ladies! May the city belles learn to adopt their example! Then, Mr. Editor, may we hope to look upon a land worthy the praise and admiration of the world!

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.

To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship which forces us to struggle, are the true nourishment of our natural being.

The Ladies' Repository.

DECEMBER, 1852.

LIFE'S CEASELESS CHANGES.

We have often thought it strange that moralists should have written and spoken of the mutability of human life as if it were a thing to be dreaded and mourned over: we at least have no sympathy with the thought. To our mind, mutability is the soul of poetry, and the source of nearly all the most delightful and sacred pleasures of life. What if the Creator had stamped upon the universe one everlasting and monotonous immutability! How wearisome and burdensome alike to the senses and the mind would it have been, if, for instance, the solemn radiance of the evening sky had never alternated with the golden flush of summer sunset, nor the deep darkness of the midnight hour given place to the rosy and the joyous morning; or, if from ever-shining skies, the unclouded sun had poured down its unvarying beams "from everlasting to everlasting;" if the storm, the calm, the tempest, the pleasant noon, and the quiet brooding of the evening sky, had remained forever unknown; if the majestic oak had never been desolated by wintery storms; or if the flower of the forest had never dropped its leaves and its blossoms, and sank gently back upon the bosom of its mother earth, waiting for a new resurrection to life and beauty!

But if mutability be the poetry of nature, how much more so is it the poetry of life! "Beautiful as upon the mountain tops, the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," are the manifold changes and subdivisions of life. We mourn not over these changes, for they leave enshrined in the sacred niches of the heart, in fairer and holier outlines, the images of the loved and the lost. Memory never awakens but with imagination, and then she can give us back the perished ones, even in the loveliest looks they wore; at the touch of her magic wand, time and distance melt into nothingness, and rolling away the stone from the sepulcher, she summons back from death's deathless night, shadows of the loved. Every hour and year of our past life, is a breathing, peopled, haunted world; and as Memory, with her solemn brow, leads us through the burial isles of the past, we hear ever and anon, the slow and noiseless foot-falls of those with whom we once held sweet converse. On, on, they pass, like those star-crowned elders seen in vision by the lonely exile of Patmos. We each of us live unnumbered lives in the space of our brief existence. We are forever renewing the past in a thousand characters, and yet through them all preserving a strange identity. Friends have passed from our side, passions have been changing, feelings vanishing, and hopes transmuted into memories; but that strange identity which links us so inevitably to the past, and impels us onward to the uncertain future, has remained fixed. And through the alternate clouds and sunshine, joy and sorrow, which have marked our way, we can now trace their great use in molding and fashioning us for the duties of this life, and the higher enjoyments of a better.

Let us not complain of the shortness of human life

while we can so mysteriously retrace all its devious windings and wanderings. Long ago does it seem now to our worn heart since we went forth to pluck primroses, and made the green woods echo with our laughter. Long ago since we returned in the summer twilight from our ramble in the fields, with our pinafore laden with "buttercups and daisies." Long ago since we chased the butterfly over the scented thyme, and gazed wonderingly upon the fairy rings in the emerald grass. Alas! the fairies are all gone now, and in the somber silence of the dim old woods, we can no longer hear their tiny laughter echoing among the anemones and bluebells. The fair-haired sister with whom we wandered through those old woodland isles, has gone from our side forever. Solemn and sad indeed was that autumn day, when her gentle spirit left us to pass into the silent evening land. Mournfully and wistfully did we look down into the hollow tomb as we heard the dust rattle upon the coffin-lid, and caught the solemn sentence, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." It was the first day of lonely and utter sorrow that we had known. And what a strange multitudinous thing must that childhood life of ours have been, when in a few short months we could have forgotten her, or if for a moment her gentle semblance crossed our path, we could brush aside the tear, and away in a cloud of our joyous schoolmates, breaking into fragments on the breezy hill-side, and then dashing over the wild moorland to surprise the blue heron, which rose and floated away to the old castle woods. Ah! that strange child life of ours, with its exultant joy, and its unshadowed beauty; how like to a dream it seems to us now! But the fairest spot in that dimly-remembered child life, was the still, calm Sunday, with its best clothes, and its quiet beauty; when the music of Sabbath bells came over the hills and valleys, calling the dwellers in the distant hamlet to the house of prayer. And then, after all the sunny joys and shadowed hours of that fair child life—treading, as it were, upon its heels, and borrowing somewhat of its beauty—came youth, with its magnificent storms and glorious sunshine, its aspirations for fame, its first dreams of affection.

In our youth-time, life spreads before us like the bright, boundless, and ever-laughing sea. At first, in our strange wonderment, like delighted children we stand gazing upon the dancing waves, as they go racing and careering gloriously away, like living creatures, to some far-off region of light and loveliness. But then as the boy expands into the man, he becomes more familiar with the ebb and flow of the waters—their smiles and frowns, their lights and shadows, their tempests and their calms, all their tones of storm and thunder, and their low breathings of soft pulsating music; till at last he launches his boat upon the waters, leaves the shore, hoists his sail, and impatient for the wonders that await him, he disappears from his quiet home, and the old parental roof-tree; and when years have rolled away, and he has grown familiar with the storm and the hurricane, he comes back again, a thoughtful, sadder man, from his strange eventful voyage round the globe, and nestles down in the quiet village which had first witnessed his infant gambols.

Kind, and surpassingly beautiful is the ordinance

of nature, that the footsteps of time are soundless to our ears, and imperceptible to our eyes; that they startle us not with their sudden approach. The transition of life's varied stages into each other are so gradual and imperceptible, that the child knows not that he has passed into youth; nor can the youth lay his finger upon the moment, the emotion, which told him that he had passed from youth to manhood. So lightly had father Time laid his hand upon him, that he had led him to the summit of the hill ere he was hardly aware that he had begun the ascent: and not till he had turned to look back upon the path that he had trodden, and beheld the wrecks of the pleasant things which lay scattered there, did he feel that he was now no longer a boy; and that in the vales below, around which the golden mists of memory were gathering thick and dim, lay his fair and beautiful childhood, looking up with its great tearful eyes to bid him a last farewell. Then begins he carefully to gather up the wasted dews of thought—the fragments of the past, and memory deposits them in her secret storehouse, to be mourned and mused over in the dim twilight of old age.

Thus the seasons of life are like those of the year, changing or fading imperceptibly into each other. The boy looks upon the youth, the youth upon the man, the man in his maturity looks upon the hoary head of his sire, neither regarding them as stages through which they must one day pass, but looking at them almost as separate phases in a separate life. But as days, and weeks, and months, and years drop off, the varied phases melt like evening shadows into each other, with naught of suddenness, without violence, without break—gradual, silent, and calm, like the coming on of twilight. The infant and the old man are one and the same now; the cradle and the coffin touch each other.

Life! alas, who shall define the mystery enshrined in those four letters! Childhood—youth—manhood—old age—four dreams within a dream. A dream—the glory and the power of which lies in its mutability!

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SORROW IN CHILDHOOD.

As the cars in which we were recently traveling halted at a station, our attention was arrested by a beautiful little girl, apparently less than two years of age, who was looking from one of the windows of a house standing but a few feet from the track. She was wailing most pitifully, and on her sweet, wan face was painted deeper sorrow than we had ever before seen on the face of an infant, such as this. All the while she repeated, with a pathos indescribably mournful, "They have carried away my papa. When will they bring him back?"

Presently a lady, whom we instantly recognized as a former acquaintance, came from the house, and, entering the car in which we sat, took a seat near ours.

"Did you observe a child at the window?" she asked, when the train had again taken wings.

"Yes," we replied; "and with deep interest."

"A fortnight since," rejoined our friend, "the father of that little girl set out for the gold region. She was always amused at seeing the cars pass; and the morning fixed upon for her father's departure, as she heard the train approaching, climbed to her ac-

customed place, and, clapping her hands in great glee, watched its coming.

"At that moment the father and mother entered the room, the former with a forced smile upon his features and the latter pale and tremulous with suppressed emotion. One pressure to his fond heart, one fervent kiss, and the love pledge only was replaced at the window with a low 'God bless you, my darling Emi. Good-by.'

"This was evidently the first intimation to the little one of her father's intended departure. At the words she turned quickly, and with a half-incredulous expression, from the window, surveyed his person, and, seeing that he was really equipped for a journey, returned his parting salutation.

"'Good-by, papa, good-by.'

"Another moment, and the adventurer had entered the cars, which were beginning again to move forward. The young wife and mother turned from the spot where the long farewell had been exchanged, and re-entered her dwelling with streaming eyes. Instantly the child appeared to comprehend that her father's absence was destined to be not, as usual, a temporary one; the gay smile fled from her intelligent features, and, stretching her tiny arms toward her father, who, from a window, was casting behind a longing look, she cried, in lisping accents,

"'O, please do come back, papa, and take mamma and Emi.'

"The father, who had hitherto succeeded in maintaining external composure, was seen to withdraw his gaze, and press a handkerchief to his eyes.

"The child has scarcely smiled since. On the approach of the cars she always takes her place at the window, from which no inducement can draw her, and watches with eager eyes till she finds her father has not come, when, in a tone of sadness truly affecting, she repeats, as you have just now heard her, 'They carried away my papa. When will they bring him back?'

"Her appetite has failed. She has grown pale and thin; and, whether sleeping or waking, her thoughts are constantly with her absent parent. Her mother has decided to take her from the scenes which so constantly remind her of her affliction, as the only means of restoring her health and spirits."

"Lovely, affectionate creature!" we could not help exclaiming, as the narrator ceased; "may the beloved one, his labors abundantly blessed, at no distant day, be restored to the joys of his home!"

—
LITTLE BLUE MANTLE.

On the 4th of June, 1852, a modest funeral procession entered the cemetery of Castel-Censoir, in France. The defunct, to whom the last offices of humanity were being rendered, and on whose plain coffin a drizzling rain fell, had gained no great victories, had conducted no intricate negotiations, had left no niche unoccupied in the temples of literature or art. At very nearly the same period, in Paris, was taking place the funeral of Pradier, the famous sculptor. Artists, *savants*, members of the Academie and of the Institute in their official costumes, and sidde-camps of the Prince President were there; the carriages of the aristocracy followed the bier, and a battalion of infantry formed a line on either side. But

in *this* procession, personages of no higher authority than a parish priest, the mayor of a humble French township, and a brigadier of rural gendarmerie were present. The spectacle derived its interest not from the rank, the talents, or the riches of the deceased; but from his blameless character, his many and truly Christian virtues, his inexhaustible and untiring charity, and the fact of his last home being selected in the midst of a village he had almost created, and the midst of a population many of whom he had fed, and clothed, and comforted for half a century.

On its way to the church-yard, the procession wound through trees planted under his direction, over roads paved at his expense, by fields reclaimed, and wells dug by his orders. It is no exaggeration to state, that his coffin was followed by the whole population of the place; by young and old, proprietors and laborers, by the lame, the halt, and the blind, bewailing in him the loss of a common benefactor and a common friend. As the procession neared the cemetery gate, the sun shone for a moment on the bier, lighting up the cross of the Legion of Honor, and a weather-stained, threadbare **LITTLE BLUE MANTLE**. These were his trophies, his shield and scutcheon.

Edme Champion, better known by the name of Little Blue Mantle, from the short blue cloak he constantly wore, was born, and died at Castel-Censoir; he began life in 1768, and was, consequently, eighty-four years of age at the time of his death. His parents were poor barges; his mother, the daughter of a small proprietor in somewhat easier circumstances, had been discarded and disinherited by her father for contracting an unequal match, and from infancy the little Edme was the victim of her soured temper and of a spirit chafed by ill-borne poverty. He was left an orphan and perfectly destitute at a very early age. The alms-house would have been his only refuge, had it not been for a lady who succeeded in getting extended to him the benefits of a charity for apprenticesing poor fatherless children. He was consequently apprenticed to jeweler; who, however, chose rather to teach him the art of peeling potatoes and cleaning boots and shoes than that of distinguishing between rose and table diamonds. Outraged by a long course of neglect and ill-treatment, he ran away, and remained concealed for a whole day and night in the wood of Vincennes, where he was found by a kind-hearted *garde champêtre*, who not only relieved his necessities, but made his peace with his master, and succeeded in having his indentures transferred to another jeweler—the famous German, Baumer—who understood and performed his duty toward his apprentice, and taught him his trade conscientiously. In course of time, Edme Champion became an expert workman and one of the most acute judges of precious stones in Paris. In after life, M. Champion used frequently to relate that he himself, as a workman, carried the great diamond necklace to the Cardinal de Rohan, in the extraordinary history of which that prelate, the Queen Marie Antoinette, and Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro, were implicated. The workman afterward became chief clerk to his master, and at last head of an extensive establishment on his own account. He was nearly ruined by the Revolution; but the assistance of a friend,

who confided to him one hundred thousand francs—his whole fortune, and for which, so much confidence had he in the honor of his debtor, he would take neither acknowledgment nor security—enabled him to weather the storm. Those were bad times for jewelers; and Napoleon, even in 1804, was rather at a loss to find credit for his imperial crown, till Biennais stepped forward to his assistance. "In fact," the Emperor said afterward laughing, "Biennais must have believed strongly in me, for political firms often went bankrupt in those days." As for Edme Champion, he recovered his position under the Empire and the Restoration, under which latter government he finally retired from business with a large fortune. Early accustomed to misery and privation, and the spectator of misery and privation in others, he had always been charitable according to his means; but, from the period of his retirement to that of his death, he devoted himself exclusively to acts of munificence. From 1824 to 1852, his memoirs may be summed up in saying that he went about doing good. He made an honorable provision for his family; the residue of his fortune he held in trust for the poor, and was a faithful steward. Clad in his little blue mantle, he went about from house to house, from street to street, from loathsome den to loathsome den, down infected alleys, up rotten staircases into foul garrets, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, drying the tears of the fatherless! He, the police, and the priests were the repositories of the gigantic miseries of Paris. In those severe winters, which, in continental cities especially, produce appalling misery, the figure of a man in a blue cloak seemed to multiply itself indefinitely wherever the snow clung to the black walls. There appeared to be, not one but legions of little blue mantles, trotting about—which was strictly his mode of walking—with prodigious activity, bearing Herculean loads of shoes, worsted stockings, and great white jugs of soup, as though they were feathers. I have heard, from a source whose authenticity I have no reason to doubt, that in one winter, in the one city of Paris, he distributed with his own hands fifteen thousand bowls of soup. The ragged prowling wretches who ulcerate Paris would wait patiently for hours on his track, and catching sight of his well-known blue cloak in the distance, would say, "Ah, here comes the little blue mantle. We are going to get something to eat!" Waistcoats and shoes were, however, his specialities. A benumbed wretch would be shivering in a gateway, tightly embracing his bare chest with his shrunken arms: Little Blue Mantle would collar him fiercely; force him severely into a warm woolen waistcoat; and, before the man could thank him, Little Blue Mantle would be a hundred yards away, brandishing his soup-jugs. A little half-congealed atom of a girl would be crying on a doorstep, her poor shoeless feet quite violet with the pitiless cold: incontinent she would be caught up from behind, seated on a pair of friendly knees, told half a merry story; and, a minute after, left staggering in the unwonted luxury of a whole pair of shoes.

I need not say that this man was adored by the poor; that mothers brought their children to him for a benediction, as to a priest; that in the awful habitations he almost alone ventured into, thieves and murderers would have rent each other in pieces before

they would have suffered a hair of his head to be touched. I have conversed with a gentleman who assured me that, on one occasion, a great hulking savage giant of a horse-slaughterer, the terror even of his savage quarter, fell on his knees before him, and exclaimed—with perfect French bombast—but with perfect sincerity, “And is it possible that such a man can walk on *earth*?” He expected to see full-fledged wings sprout from the Little Blue Mantle.

Yet I find it no where on record that M. Edme Champion was vain, or self-sufficient, or insolent. He was the pioneer, the interpreter, and the coadjutor of the priest. His charity ever went hand in hand with religion, and was its meet and willing helpmate.

Paris was his great working field; he loved to struggle with great miseries; but he never neglected nor forgot his native place. He was ever about some of the improvements I have mentioned in the commencement of this paper; no tale of misery from Castel-Censoir ever found his ear deaf or inattentive. In the winter of 1829-30, one of almost unexampled severity, he says, in a letter to the mayor of Castel-Censoir: “. . . As the severity of the winter seems to be on the increase, be good enough to distribute, Monsieur, as they are needed, coals, fuel, shoes, blankets, and *such like*!” and he goes on to indicate the bakers, drapers, etc., to be dealt with, and the agents to be drawn upon for funds. He frequently visited his beloved birthplace; where he was, neither more nor less, the counterpart of Pope’s “Man of Ross;” and, during one of these visits, he underwent a very severe grief. A plantation, his property, was destroyed by fire, and rumor whispered that the conflagration was the work of an incendiary. Edme Champion struggled long and direfully against the doleful suspicion; but, one day, two peasants presented themselves before him, and intimated that they were the sole depositaries of the secret of the destruction of his trees. Refusing to hear another word of this dreadful confidence, Little Blue Mantle dragged them into the village church, and made them swear, before the altar, that they would lock the secret, if any existed, in their own breasts, and never reveal it, save under seal of confession on their death-beds. Then he dismissed them with a present of money.

Little Blue Mantle took frequent flying visits of charity into other parts of France—short pleasure trips of beneficence. These were so numerous, and the good man took them so much as a matter of course, that few can be known but of the immediate circle of the parties concerned. It is related, however, that on one occasion he was informed of the residence in a small village of an old lady, of noble birth, who had lost all her relations by the guillotine; and who, converting her few jewels into ready money, had retired to an obscure cottage, where she lived in great poverty and privation. Almost paralytic, she was compelled to have recourse to the assistance of an attendant, and engaged a delicate girl, some eighteen years of age, the daughter of poor parents in the neighborhood. Constant illness exhausted the poor paralytic’s store, when her youthful nurse, who already worked at her needle by day in part support of her own family, devoted a greater portion of every night to work to procure bread for her helpless old

charge. Little Blue Mantle was soon on the spot; conversed with the invalid and her nurse; and, on leaving, not liking to wound the delicacy of either, left a little store of gold pieces on the mantle-piece. He returned in a few weeks, when the young girl, who was rapidly losing her health through overexertion, handed him his gold, supposing that he had left it on the mantle-piece by accident. For once Little Blue Mantle repented of his shame-faced benevolence; had he been a little less delicate, this poor couple would not have been starving in the midst of plenty. But he succeeded in making the poor needle-worker accept his assistance, and left directions with a tradesman in the village to watch over her, and administer to her wants. A few months afterward he returned again; the poor paralytic was dead—and his *protege*? She was at the *Chateau*. To the *Chateau* went Little Blue Mantle, and there he found a handsome young man, and a blooming, well-dressed young lady. The squire had heard the story of the devoted little nurse, had become attached to her, and had married her. The story is thoroughly French, and thoroughly true to French nature.

And so, through long years, went trotting about on his Master’s business Edme Champion, the man in the little blue mantle. It may be objected that his charity was indiscriminate, and that he may have relieved rogues and vagabonds, as well as the virtuous poor. I am not aware that he understood any thing about poor laws, old or new; about prison discipline, or the workhouse test; or that he had the least idea of political economy. He was a simple man, with little lore, but surely with a large heart.

At length, in extreme old age, he felt his end approaching. Beloved and revered by his family and friends, the Government had heard of his unobtrusive merits and awarded him the cross of the Legion of Honor. He took it as he took all things, pleasantly and thankfully. He expressed, a few days before his death, a longing to die in his native place—*dans son pays*, as the French affectionately express it. Although not attacked with any mortal malady, he seemed to know that his time was come, and said to his friends, “Adieu! you will see me no more.” He had scarcely arrived at Castel-Censoir, when he fell down dead. His end can scarcely be called sudden, for it was anticipated and prepared for. “He had every thing to hope, and nothing to fear.” The mercy he had so often shown to others seemed shown to him, in sparing him the agonies of a protracted struggle with death.

He sleeps in his quiet grave, and no monumental victories will sound trumpets over it. But his fame is written in that most indelible of pages, the remembrance of the people; and fifty years hence, beneath the cotter or the workman’s roof, the garrulous granam will gather the little children round her knee by the bright fire, and when they are tired—if children of any growth ever can be tired—of hearing of the exploits of kings and conquerors, tell them of the good deeds of Little Blue Mantle.

THE sun stoops not more readily to warm the flower that opens to receive the beams, than does the Holy Spirit to strengthen and bless the soul that desires his influence.

MAKE GIRLS USEFUL.

It can not be too strongly impressed upon parents, that making their children handy and useful to themselves and others, is the best way of making them happy and contented, and saving them from that pitiable state for young and old, the "not knowing what to do." The necessity of labor, which was imposed upon the first man, is intuitively recognized by all his descendants as soon as the helplessness of infancy is past. Children *want* to be occupied, and to amuse them for long together without occupation is impossible; and not only do they require to be occupied, but, as if conscious of the merciful intention of the sentence under which they lie, they want to be occupied *to some purpose*, to share in the employments and the aim of their elders; and it is simply owing to impatience with their first efforts that so many young things, who would otherwise have been blithe and merry *helps* in a numerous family, grow up to be weary and melancholy *hindrances*. "To be sure, how neat, and nice, and happy you all look!" said a comparatively rich woman with four children to a poor woman with nine; "how in the world do you contrive?" "Well, there's plenty to do, certainly, but then there are plenty of hands to do it; one does one thing, and one does another, and so we get through cheerily; and we have all our health, thank God, which is a great matter." The comparatively rich woman returns to her four fretful, mischievous *nuisances* at home, and wonders how *an additional five pair of hands* can be produced as a *reason* for cleanliness and comfort; or, if the truth should dawn upon her, she regrets that the *rank* of her children will not allow them to wash dishes, sweep floors, run of errands, or pick up sticks, like those of her neighbor. But as every increase of this world's possessions is accompanied by a *corresponding* increase of care and occupation, suitable employment may be found for the young in *all classes*; and especially in the middle station may the young people in a family be rendered happy by being made useful. The singular infatuation by which girls are brought up in helpless ignorance of all that is most essential in domestic economy, while time and money are lavishly bestowed on the acquisition of a *smattering* of accomplishments, for which they have no taste, and for the exercise of which many will have no opportunity, is a great evil in society. Mothers who have the good sense to avoid it, and to permit the cultivation of accomplishments as a relaxation *after* the business of life is duly attended to, giving masters as a reward for self-improvement in any art for which taste or talent is evinced, will have these very accomplishments in *greater* perfection in *their* families than if, like many others, they had considered them the chief objects in their daughters' education—that for which every thing else was to be set aside or sacrificed. In a German parsonage, I have known the eldest daughter of the house to prepare the dishes brought to table, while the younger waited on her father's guests; and in the evening, the labors of the day concluded, the young ladies—for such they were in intellect, refinement, and appearance—took their part in the family concert; their performance being as superior to that of most of the pupils of our expensive schools as good sense, harmony, and genius will ever be to affecta-

tion, discord, and stupidity. But notwithstanding the frequent instances of mistaken views in regard to education in our middle classes, there is no occasion to cross the channel for examples of usefulness, happiness, and accomplishments *combined*; the same nimble, skillful fingers that make the pretty frocks of baby sisters, or furnish the best cake and lightest pastry for birthday feast, can guide the pencil with an artist's talent; children of ten years of age, who promise to play very well with a moderate amount of home instruction, have kept the housekeeping accounts during mamma's illness, without any detriment to their childish merriment when mamma was happily *about again*.

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.

"Not to myself alone,"

The little opening flower transported cries—

"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;

With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,

And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:

The bee comes sipping every eventide,

His dainty fill;

The butterfly within my cup doth hide

From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"

The circling star with honest pride doth boast—

"Not to myself alone I rise and set;

I write upon night's coronal of jet,

His power and skill who formed our myriad host:

A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,

I gem the sky,

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,

His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—

"Not to myself alone from flower to flower

I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,

And to the hive at evening weary come:

For man, for man the luscious food I pile

With busy care,

Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—

A scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"

The soaring bird, with lusty pinion, sings—

"Not to myself alone I raise the song;

I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue:

And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;

I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,

And God adore;

I call the worldling from his dross to turn,

And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—

"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:

I scatter life and health on every side,

And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay;

I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,

My gladsome tune;

I sweeten and refresh the languid air

In drouthy June."

"Not to myself alone,"

O man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!

Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,

In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part:

Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,

Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,

And self disown;

Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,

Not to thyself alone!

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

THE clock struck eleven. A woman sat by the fire-side rocking her baby to sleep.

The room was a small one; it was a poor workman's home; yet there was an air of neatness and comfort about it. The floor was swept clean, the fire burned bright, and crackled in the chimney, and the few articles of furniture, which were neatly placed about the room, shone in the firelight, their clear polish reflecting the merry blaze of the flame.

Yet the woman seemed to be sad at heart, though the elements of comfort were about her. She sighed from time to time as she glanced at the cot in which her baby was laid. The child moaned uneasily in its sleep, for it was sick—ill.

She stooped down to gaze at it. A hectic spot burned on either cheek, while its lips were parched and pale. The poor babe tossed its head uneasily from side to side, and seemed all unconscious of the rocking of the cradle, which now ceased to lull it to its wonted slumber. The distressed mother wrung her hands, and wailed within herself.

But suddenly she started and rose up at the sound of a footstep on the pavement without. She listened—the step passed by; and she sank back in her chair again.

"Alas!" she sighed, "it is not he! When will he come?"

She listened again. She approached the door—opened it, and looked out. All was still in the lonely street; the hum of the city, though subdued and muffled by the falling night, still reached her ears from the distant thoroughfares. Over and above all—streets, lamps, and city thoroughfares—hung high up in the heavens—shone the clustering fields of stars, looking down, in their eternal unpitying gaze, on the turmoil, the sorrow, and the suffering, of this lower world. The sight of those calm watchers—unvarying, imperishable, eternal—is at times full of sadness and melancholy; at least, so now did this lone woman feel, and sadly she turned back into her little nook, where her child lay. She closed the door, and sat down again by the cradle.

All was hushed again, and now she listened to another distant step in the street without. Again she stood by the door. The clocks of the city were booming the hour of twelve far and near.

The step approached; it was unsteady! She knew that step; and her heart quailed at its sound. She knew its meaning. Ah! how bright she once looked at hearing the elastic tread of her lover, and, after that, of her husband—for it was he! But now it brought with it only sadness, despair, and a grim foreboding of sorrow to come.

Yet she received him as of old—kissed him as he entered, and welcomed him home again, as she had always done.

"It is very late, William," she said.

"Well! what of that?"

"It's lonely sitting up."

"And who told you to sit up? Nobody asked you. What business have you to sit up?" and he hiccupped.

The poor woman burst into tears.

"Crying again, woman! well, what good will that do? You don't think I care for your crying."

"I'm afraid not, William. But go to bed; and we shall talk things over in the morning."

"Talk things over? What have you got to say, that you can't say it now? You're going to scold me, I suppose; but it's all of no use."

"No, William; you know well enough I am no scold. I have never spoken an angry word to you yet, since I became your wife, and I will not. If a husband can not be got to love his wife and have a regard for her comfort without scolding, it were better to give him up at once," she said, seriously.

"Why, Kate? What do you mean? I know you have been a good wife, and an affectionate one; but can't a man stay out when he likes without his wife setting a-crying when he comes home? But come—let's to bed."

"No, William, I must nurse our child. He's very ill."

"What! Ill? and I didn't know of it! What's the matter?"

"I can't tell; but he's feverish and restless, and I must watch by him for the night. Go to bed now, like a good kind fellow. I hope it will be all well in the morning."

"Well, be it so. But I must have a kiss of the baby before I go." And he approached the cradle for the purpose.

Intoxicated though he was, he could see how much the child suffered; it moaned and tossed about as if in pain. He would, however, have lifted the child up in his arms, but the mother dissuaded him—"t was too ill for that." "But he would have one kiss of the darling." He stooped down, and, staggering, would almost have fallen over the cradle, but the wife held him back.

"O William," she cried, "leave the child alone! You are not fit to touch him. See! you frighten him! Go, now."

He staggered back, looking confused and ashamed. "Well," said he, "I am sorry for this, but I'll e'en go. Poor dear little Willie."

He was about to retire, when, turning back, he said hastily, as if the thought had for the moment sobered him—

"But if the child should die!"

"Then, God's will be done," said the mother, sobbing.

"O, let me fetch a doctor!" he cried, with a look of alarm, "I'll bring one in a few minutes; let me go!"

"I have seen to that, William; the doctor has been, and done what he could. Now, go!"

And he went, staggering, to his sleeping chamber; from whence the sound of his labored breathing shortly proceeded; and the drunken snoring of the husband, the wailing moan of the sick child, and the occasional deep sighs of the watching wife and mother, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night in that sad little household.

The morning's light peered in through the window-blinds, and still found the mother by the child's cradle. She watched there by her first-born, calling to mind its sweet winning ways, its prattle, and its bright looks. But now, alas! there was but the quivering, clammy lips, through which the child's soul seemed fluttering. Its shortening breath labored on,

and its upturned eyes were half veiled by the convulsed lid. Senseless, unconscious, and helpless, never had that child been more dear to the mother's heart than now; yet love could not save it; sorrow could not ransom it. There was a long breath, a sigh, a gurgling sound in the throat—and then quiet: it was the quiet of death. Yet still the mother watched for him that could not hear her weeping.

At length the morning fairly broke. It was broad daylight, and the husband rose from his couch, with red eyes and heated brain. His step was unsteady as he entered the apartment, where still sat the mother by her dead child.

"It's late," said the husband, advancing; "I shall not be in time for work. Why did you let me sleep so long?"

"Poor little Willie!" was all she could sob out in reply.

"What's the matter?" he asked; and then, pausing a moment, he seemed suddenly to recollect the events of the past night. "I think you said the child was ill."

"He's dead!"

"O, God!" he exclaimed, "it can not be."

He looked down into the cradle, and there lay the child, calm and placid as if in sleep, yet breathing not, and with the hue of death upon its cheek. He groaned, and sunk into a chair by the cradle-side, unable to speak.

But suddenly there passed through his mind the visions of the past; and he thought of the sweet prattle of his child on the evenings of his return from labor—of the delight he had felt in watching his growing intelligence—of his arch wiles, and playfulness—and then of the patient love and care of his wife, now bowed down in silent grief beside him.

"O, Kate, this is a sad sight. Our poor, dear child!" and the strong man hid his face in his hands, and sobbed audibly.

He took his hand. He looked up through his tears, and said, "I have been very cruel and selfish toward you. Do you not hate me?"

"No, no!" said the weeping wife; "no, William; but here, by the dead body of this our first-born, let me speak to you of the past."

"Not now, not now!"

"William, I must: I have thought of it during the night, while I waited for you, and watched by your child and mine; and now I feel it to be right to speak to you, though it is in sorrow."

"Be merciful to me!"

"I have no word of reproach for you, William; but I would speak to you as your wife, whom you promised to love and cherish till death."

"I did! I did!"

"You took me, a girl, from my father's house and home, where I was happy. You loved me."

"True! and I love you now."

"I believe you, William. Well, I was young, with little knowledge of the world. But I tried to make your home as happy as mine had been before. I labored to make it cheerful and bright for you. I sought to attract you to my side, and keep you at home with me and the dear child there, after your hours of daily labor were over."

"You did, Kate. No wife could have been more kind and good."

"William, I prayed for you; I thought but of you; I lived but for you."

"O, spare me. I know, I feel, how cruel I have been."

"No, only thoughtless. When sober, you have always been kind and loving; but when you have spent your evenings away from us, and come in late—"

"I have been harsh and cruel—I know it now."

"Dear William, one other word, and I have done. Let me have some of your evening leisure spent beside me. I will try to make you happy. Sit beside me while I work; and if I do not know so much as the companions whom you meet with elsewhere, teach me, and I will learn."

"O, Kate," said William, sobbing, "I never felt your love so dear to me as now. Here, by the body of this dear child, I solemnly promise that it shall be as you say. I will forsake those haunts of dissipation in which my soul had well-nigh been lost, and seek peace, and pardon, and happiness, again, by your side."

And it was so. The dark shadow passed away from the household. Time, which heals all, gradually assuaged this first great grief of both; and it was converted, by Providence, into a blessing. The husband was restored to his home again, and to the earnest love of his wife. Comfort flew back to the hearth, and other infant treasures replaced that which had been lost. And as time passed on, the memory of the dead infant was guarded as a precious treasure; for its death had been sanctified to both. The promise solemnly made by its cradle-coffin had been kept, and peace and blessings descended in rich abundance upon the happy cottage home.

COMFORT AT HOME.

It is easy to understand how the woman's influence in the home should be so much greater than that of the man. She is always present, or ought to be. The children are brought up under her eye, and during the first years of their life all children are taught by the eye. The mother is their example and model, and what she is, they slowly become. The father is engaged all day at his work or in his profession. When he returns in the evening, the children are in bed, so that he sees little of them, except on Sunday. This is the case with the large proportion of families of working men. Then the husband, who has been toiling all the week like a horse, takes his turn at nursing the baby and looking after the children. But the mother is always there—her hands are constantly busy in the house from morn till night, and from week to week. It is to her that the children habitually look for nourishment, attention, and help; and as they grow older, they take counsel with her respecting their conduct in life. She cherishes them first as infants, with many fond kisses and caresses; then she tends them as boys and girls, with much labor and fatigue, and often in great sorrow; and when they are launched upon the world, each to take part in its labors, its anxieties, and its trials, still they ever fondly turn to the mother for counsel and consolation in their time of need. Children quite

naturally love their mother, and can not help imitating her. When she is kind, good, diligent, patient, and loving, as she ought to be, children may even be said to reverence her; and unhappy are they if she do not at least inspire them with gratitude and deep respect. "Miserable indeed is the man," says J. P. Richter, "for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable."

We have lately met with a very curious instance of the remarkable influence exercised by the mother in the formation of her children's *character*; and in a quarter where one would scarcely be disposed to expect it; namely, the "Reports of Inspectors of Parochial School Unions in England and Wales," where Mr. Tuffnell, in his excellent report on *The Schools of the Metropolitan District*, makes the following remarkable statement:

"On the mothers mainly depend the character of the rising generation; and it is a trite remark, that many a man who has risen to eminence in the world, traces all his success to the early lessons implanted by his mother's care. The dependence of the character of a family on that of the mother is more especially true of the poorer classes, as the father in most cases rarely sees his children from morning to night. This is a truth so well established that it has even been made subservient to mercantile calculation; and I was informed, in a large factory where many children were employed, that the managers before they engaged a boy, always inquired into the mother's character, and if that was satisfactory, they were tolerably certain that her children would conduct themselves correspondently. No attention was paid to the character of the father."

Shrewd, long-headed, practical managers, these must have been, thus to have gone about the business of selecting their young hands. And they are warranted in their line of conduct by all experience and observation of human life. The child *does* "take after" the mother, rather than the father; and you will find innumerable instances of the children of bad fathers making their way honorably in life, under the guidance and direction of good mothers; but where the mother is bad—no matter how creditably conducted the father may be—the instances of success on the part of the children—that is, success in its highest sense—are comparatively rare. Of course the chances of success for the children are much greater when man and wife go hand and hand in the proper up-bringing of the family; for it is the man's earnestness or lukewarmness which in most cases regulates the amount of useful activity apparent in the well-doing of his wife and family.

Now, the first condition of a happy home, where good influences prevail over bad ones, is comfort. It is the soil on which the young being grows the most kindly. Where there are carking cares, querulousness, untidiness, slovenliness, and dirt, there can be no comfort either for husband or children. The poor man who has been working all day, expects to have something as a compensation for his toil. The least that his wife can do for him, is to make the house snug, clean, and tidy, against his home-coming at eve. That is the truest economy—the best house-keeping—the worthiest domestic management—which makes the home so pleasant and agreeable, that a

man feels, when entering it, that he is going into a kind of sanctuary; and when there, that there is no alehouse attraction which can draw him away from it.

Slovenliness in any house is really very expensive. A little money well laid out by a woman of good taste—and there is no reason why even the poorest woman should not spend her money with taste as well as prudence—goes a great way in making a house neat, graceful, and cheerful. Men, like children, are very much attracted through the eye. Was it not the charm of the girl, her neat dress, and attractive air, which first attracted the youth, and led him to make this girl his wife? Is there any reason why she should cease to take those pains to keep up the flow of his love by such simple methods, now that the twain are mated for life? On the contrary, she should now, as before, strive to preserve her tidiness, neatness, smiles, and grace—charms which, however trivial they may seem, gave the young unwedded man great pleasure, and perhaps constituted the sum total of her fortune. It was for these that he married her. Is there any excuse, then, for her, if, when married, the young wife should cease to take pains to please her husband as before; and instead of a neat comely girl, appear before him with her hair and dress in disorder, and involved in a maze of confusion and dirt? Not young housewife. See to it that you take a proper pride in yourself—have a respect for your own personality. For if you do not respect your own person, neither will your husband do so.

And then there is the respect due for the house—not the mere sleeping or lodging place—not only a dwelling in which to eat and drink—but a home—a training place—a sanctuary—a temple—where soul, mind, heart, and body are alike to be refreshed and invigorated anew for the battle of life. The home must be made gay and bright—reflecting the taste, order, economy, and domestic virtues of the good housewife. Taste here again is a true economist. The eye ought to be satisfied as well as the stomach. And a little money—a very trifling indeed—well spent, will go a great way in these cheap times toward making a house not only tidy, but tasteful, ornamental, neat, and snug. Hang up a picture—why not? You can now get a beautiful woodcut or engraving for a mere trifle; and how gay the walls look that are thus decorated. A fine subject hung against a wall gives a look of intelligence to a house. As some one has said of a picture of a Madonna hung against the wall, "It looks as if a bit of heaven were in the room." But even though you may not be able to put up a print, at least have the house clean. There is purity, comfort, and health in that. Cleanliness costs nothing but a little extra labor—that is all. And if it makes a man love his home, and attracts him oftener to it, is not such labor well bestowed? It is quite a mistake to suppose that wealth is necessary to make a home comfortable. It is mainly the diligent hand of the housewife that does it. And the wife who has made her home clean and snug—who has made the best of every thing, and performed her household duties diligently, to the best of her knowledge, has worked well and nobly, and assuredly she will have her reward in due season.

New Books.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—We have received a pamphlet, which we hardly know whether to call a book or a catalogue. Indeed, it is both. It contains the Catalogue and the Course of Study of the Indiana Asbury Female College at New Albany, with several addresses delivered at the dedication of the building and the opening of the school. The addresses are four in number, being an Address to the Trustees, by Rev. C. B. Davidson; Dedicatory Address, by Professor Larrabee; Inauguration Address, by Rev. Edward Cooper, President of the institution; and Charge to the President, by Hon. Salem Town. There was also another address delivered on the occasion, at evening, by Rev. L. W. Berry, President of the Indiana Asbury University, which ought to have been published, as it was one of the most able and appropriate addresses on education we ever had the pleasure of hearing. It was, however, wholly extemporaneous; and as Dr. Berry had in a few days to leave home to attend the General conference in Boston, we suppose he was unavoidably prevented from writing it out, as he was requested, in season for it to be included in the pamphlet. Among the published addresses it may not seem invidious to mention with peculiar praise that of Dr. Town. We well remember the favorable and deep impression made on all who heard it. Dr. Town is a veteran in the cause of education. His appearance is strikingly venerable. His age can not be less than seventy years; yet is not his mental eye dim nor his intellectual strength abated. For an hour he enchanted, as by magic, the large audience, who by their presence inspired the speaker with the fervor and the eloquence of youth. The opening of an institution of the highest order for the education of females in the beautiful city of New Albany was an occasion of deep interest and of cheering hope. Ten years ago there was not within the bounds of the state of Indiana a single female seminary established by the enterprise and supported by the patronage of the large, wealthy, and influential body of Christian people who acknowledge the name of Asbury as one entitled to peculiar respect and to veneration. There are now under the special patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church at least four seminaries devoted exclusively to female education, and three others admitting both sexes. These seminaries are all firmly established, well organized, and some of them well endowed. May they all secure the success they so well deserve!

THE THREE TEMPTATIONS OF YOUNG MEN. by Rev. Samuel Fisher, D. D., Pastor of the Fourth-Street Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, has been left us for inspection by the publishers, Moore & Anderson, of this city. The book is gotten up in fine style. The contents are indicated thus: The Sirens; The Wine-Cup; The Card-Table; The Slayer of the Strong; The Play-House; The Web of Vice; The Path of Infidelity; The Christian Lawyer; The Mosaic Law of Usury; Commercial Morality. Dr. Fisher writes with a graphic pen, and these topics receive no mean handling or second-rate discussion from him. We most heartily commend the volume to the class of readers for whom it was specially prepared; and we hope, furthermore, that any of our patrons, specially young ladies, who have young brothers, will see to it that a copy is placed in the hands of the latter for their serious and careful reading. Great good will be the result thereof.

MISSIONS IN THE TONGA AND FEEJEE ISLANDS. By Rev. Walter Lowry. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1852.—This work, comprised in five hundred pages duodecimo, is most interesting in its details and descriptions. Its record respecting the conversion of the cannibals of the Feejee Islands, is one of the strongest and most remarkable triumphs of Christianity on record. Mr. Lowry was and is yet a general superintendent of the Wesleyan Society's missions in New Zealand, and a visitor of the Friendly and Feejee Islands. We think no lover of religion will be disappointed in the reading of the work.

WOMAN: a Poem. by James W. Ward, is the title of a neat little volume of some forty duodecimo pages, which we have read with much pleasure. We are indebted to Messrs. Ward & Taylor, Fourth-street, for a copy of the work.

Periodicals.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for October, has, besides its short reviews and notices of books, the following list of articles:

1. *The Mosaic Account of Creation*, by Professor Thompson, of South Hanover College, Ia., reads well, and will prove profitable to the careful reader.

2. *Hannah More* is a paper of some length, but one that will command a very general reading. It is anonymous, but, if we should be allowed to guess, we would say that the editor of the Quarterly had something to do with its authorship. Hannah More died September 7, 1833, aged eighty-eight years. She left a handsome fortune, having accumulated by her pen alone one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was bequeathed to different charitable institutions.

3. *The Theory of Reasoning*, also anonymous, is a review of an English work bearing this title, by Thomas Bailey, and will require connected thought in its perusal.

4. *Merritt Caldwell*, by Rev. S. T. Vail, of the Biblical Institute, will be deemed a popular article. It is an excellent estimate of a most excellent and talented Christian author and professor, and one whose early death has been, and is yet, widely lamented by the Methodist Episcopal Church. "What a change," said Professor Caldwell on his death-bed to his youthful and dearly loved wife, "what a change there will be with you when I am taken away! Your cares and anxieties for me will all cease, and you will have plenty of time — — — to be sad, if you will; but you will not lie down upon your pillow and cry! Surely you will trust God; and if you should visit the spot where I lie, you will not select a sad and mournful time — you will not go in the shade of the evening or in the dark night; but you will go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

5. *The Genealogies of Christ* has been recommended enough by us when we say, that it is from the pen of James Strong, Esq., of Flushing, L. I., whose Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels was noticed at length in our last number.

6. *Jacob Abbott's Young Christians*, probably from the pen of Dr. M'Clintock, reads well. The concluding sentence of the article reads thus: "The three volumes together make a handsome little collection, and contain a valuable system of practical divinity—theology made easy; and whoever possesses and uses them with a heart to be profited, will soon learn to esteem them for their matter rather than for their dress!" The three volumes referred to are Harper's very neat edition of the Young Christian, the Corner-Stone, and the Way to Do Good, by Rev. Jacob Abbott, a member of the New England Congregational Church, and widely known in the religious and literary circles of our country.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE reports itself finely. Friend Stevens improves upon every number. The article in the September number on "The Christianity for the Times," is just such an article as we have long wished to see. It will do great good. The sketch of Coleridge in the October number has things in it which will be new to most of readers, and one that will captivate.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for October, has rather an excess of poetical articles, but several prose pieces of quite an agreeable cast. Reminiscences of Childhood is a graphic sketch; and we see our friend and co-laborer of the Western Christian Advocate is pretty much of the same opinion, as he has transferred the most of it to his paper of October 20th, under the head of "The Days Gone By," in the department of Extracts of Correspondence.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL reaches us pretty regularly, and with many greetings on our parts, albeit there is an article now and then whose doctrine we can not indorse at all. For instance, the tirade in the June number on the Maine Liquor Law is senseless and much out of place. Come, come, sister Eliza, it will not do for you to talk as you do about a law of which you know so little. Let us alone; we know the law does work well, and we know, also, that it is exactly what we have long wanted.

Editor's Table.

WITH December closes the year, and with this number closes the twelfth volume of the Ladies' Repository. The future, to us, is unrevealed. To you, reader, however, if you will renew your name as a subscriber for the next volume, we can promise much that will both interest and improve. It is true, we have not now the name of the new editor. This page goes to press before the Book Committee decides that matter, and before we can tell who will monthly meet you around your center-tables and firesides. We doubt not, whoever is chosen will do for you all that is in his power. But for an editor of even exalted talents to succeed well, it is necessary that we have a large list of subscribers. No man likes to sit down and write articles for a few readers only. He can just as well, and better, address thousands than hundreds by his pen. He will have more to stimulate him—more to excite and draw forth his powers. Does the orator or the preacher like a house half filled, or here and there a seat filled, and yonder, and hither, and thither seats entirely vacant? Not more does the editor like a scattered and limited list of patrons to speak to. Give, friends, a true and a hearty list just now to the enterprise of elevating and sustaining the Repository. Let there be a subscription list, not of a few hundred or a few thousand names, but let there be a list such as will speak, and one in size never yet equaled in the publication of the periodical. The thing can be done. The ladies can do it. Any thing to which they address themselves can be accomplished. Let there be an effort in this matter. Set about the work, good friends, and set about it now. Procrastination will accomplish nothing but evil. The subject demands prompt action. Can you not, dear friend, yourself already a subscriber, give us your name for next year? We assure you, you shall be well treated and well fed—morally, intellectually, and religiously. Could you not do even more than to renew your name? Why not go and see your lady acquaintance, and get her name as a subscriber? Surely, for kindness and company's sake, there are some, we think, who would do this. Before some people perform a thing, they wish to be asked and urged. Can you not urge the matter somewhat? Do it kindly, politely, but do it in earnest, and many thanks, warm and hearty, from us and the publishers shall you have for your labor. We have big mail-books on hand, and we want a big subscription list. We shall expect nothing else. Let us see how very large and how very long our list of names can be.

As our religious congregations are made up of ladies as well as gentlemen, we hope we shall not get scolded for saying, in reference to public religious services, that we do not like long sermons. Our whole nature is set against them, and we have spoken, and intend yet to speak against them. Wesley thought that any man who would preach beyond thirty minutes in length was preaching to very little or no purpose. We see nothing, in a change of the circumstances or the times, to warrant any departure from the principle. Unless a man is extremely unctuous in the pulpit, and unless he be on fire with his subject, any thing like prolixity in his discourse will pretty much defeat all the design of that discourse. People will become listless and impatient, and the good impressions which may have been made at the commencement of the services will have been almost wholly dissipated toward the close. We do not pretend to say that these good impressions ought to be thus dissipated; but we say most promptly that they are dissipated, and there we leave the subject. The fact exists: who will make it otherwise?

In connection with what we have just said, it ought to be remembered on the part of preachers—and we do not now mean Methodist preachers exclusively, but the ministry in general—that the foolish practice of reading instead of preaching sermons is not the practice which will result in the world's conversion. Right glad are we to see our Presbyterian and other friends practically and energetically repudiating the tame monotony of manuscript discourses. People can read good sermons at home. The world is full of "sermon books," and whoever desires the pleasure of their perusal, can have that pleasure at almost any time, and for a mere trifle. The read

speeches of Edmund Burke in the English Parliament about as often put people to sleep as any thing else; and the sermons of Whitefield, had they simply been read to a congregation, would have amounted to just about nothing. It is the eye, and the voice, the living, glowing countenance, and the whole impassioned body, that moves the lead from the heart, and strikes fire from the flinty hardness of the soul. To preach, however, with good effect extemporaneously, implies patient study. Robert Hall's answer as to what constituted the first quality of a good sermon, was full of wisdom. "Preparation," said he, "is the first qualification, the second qualification, the third, the only true qualification for the true Gospel minister." Without this the preacher might be without almost every thing. To get up and select a text at random, and to preach at random, is, to say the least of the thing, very injudicious and injurious. Mere generalities, or mere anecdotes related in a careless or improper manner, effect no good, but frequently cause great mischief. Let the minister of the holy One be found much in his study, much with his Bible, and much with his God, and his success will be great. An unquenched and unquenchable desire to save souls is the prime characteristic of the true Gospel preacher. He must have this feeling, this all-absorbing passion; without it, his way will be hedged and choked up with briars and thorns, full of misery and uncomfortableness, and much sorrow; and better had one be striving in some other calling than thus striving in the ministry. Would that the world and the Church had a few more men with Elisha's mantle on—men whose hearts burn for the salvation of human souls, and whose whole being is wrapped up in the consideration, How shall I most effectually accomplish my Master's work, and how many can I save from the perdition of the ungodly?

Among the various inquiries which our correspondents make of us, we find one from an out-of-town friend lately in reference to marriage. "I do not believe in the doctrine," says our friend, "that men should not marry unless they can not only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their wives and children." Nor do we believe in it either. We do believe, however, that a man and wife should be the arbiters of their own fortune. Frequently it happens that the less a new-married couple have the better it is for them. They feel their sense of dependence, and they set about the work of taking care of themselves in good earnest. It is all a piece of nonsense that some young men and women have, that they should have just as much as just as nice furniture and fixtures to begin housekeeping with as their parents have—not as much as their parents had in their outset in life, but as much as their parents have after long years of patient accumulation and toil. It is the written opinion of an English authoress, that the country has been some filled with "poor, old maids, trifling, coquettish young ladies, and nice-cigar-smoking, good-for-nothing young men, in consequence of the prevalence of the principle, that the freshly-married couple must keep up the rank to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof." We do not go on the ground that a young man should make proposals of immediate marriage to a lady friend before he has completed his trade or profession, and while his pockets are entirely empty. But we preach the doctrine, that so soon as a young man has completed that trade or profession, and so soon as he has accumulated enough of money to purchase a stove, a wash-tub, with some other indispensable fixtures, it is time for him to be closing his overtures, and giving up his days of courtship.

The subject of doing something for the poor needle-women of our great cities has recently been revived and largely discussed. A commodious building, in an eligible part of New York city, has been furnished to an association of these poor seamstresses, which promises much good. Boarding and lodging are allowed the inmates at one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. We hope most sincerely that this enterprise will succeed, and that it will only prove the beginning of good days for a very large but most shamefully oppressed class of the population of our large cities. We shall take occasion hereafter to refer to this matter, as results develop themselves, and as we become familiar with them.





Respectfully Dedicated to
Mr. AND Mrs. John Simmons
OF TRENTON, MICH.,
on the Fiftieth Anniversary of Their Marriage.

Shades of the past! uplift thy darkened
veil,
Or cease, Oh Time! a moment in thy
flight,
We'd fain return o'er mountain, crag and
dale
Of memory to fifty years ago this night.
Tis not our province, our desire or tho't,
To tax our memory with the change that
time hath wrought,
The rise or fall of nations within this fifth
decade,
Or the triumphs over matter that mighty
minds have made.
We'd lift no veil of thought,
We'd court no muse for this,
The picture that we draw,
Is of domestic bliss.
The scene is bright with cheer,
Though rustling leaves foretell
The season of the year that fattened geese
are ripe,
And strutting turkeys swell.
Pomona vies with Ceres
In generous rivalry.
With luscious fruit and well-filled ears—
The gains of thriving husbandry.
I pray thee not from this
Inference in haste to draw,
That the time had truly come
That's legalized by law,
The day that's set apart
For a nation to rejoice;
For plenteousness give thanks,
And lift in praise the voice.
Thus long we've kept you in expectation,
We'll now produce the application.
There was a gallant youth,
We'll simply call him John,
He loved a blushing maid,
And hoped they'd soon be one.
Don't deem it needless haste,
My slowcoach friend, I pray,
That John wished to rejoice
Before Thanksgiving Day.
'Tis the old, old story (as you are now
aware).
We know just how it is ourselves
For we've mostly all been there.
Hark! listening ears may hear,
O'er echoing hills and dells,
A joyous, merry peal,
The ringing of the bells—
The merry marriage bells.
Their song has well been sung,
And still in death or hope
Their changes are yet rung.

For them the marriage bells
Have never changed their chime,
Their aolian rhythm swells
E'en down the hill of time.
Through seasons' varied tinge
Of many a changing year,
Gone many friends of youth and age,
To them in heart more dear.
Yet Heaven is always kind;
New friends and friends appear,
Like Flora's annual bloom,
Fresh flowers their path to cheer.
A pleasing picture this,
As up life's hill they go.
Then—gently down mountain slope
To sunset's quiet glow.
An honest heart, an upright life,
A friendly heart and warm,
A Christian mother's prayer of faith,
Hath weathered wind and storm.
"Children arise and call them blest,"
To fill their cup of happiness.
May Heaven still preserve
This kind and aged pair,
So strangely kept from ills
To which all flesh is heir.
Surrounded by true friends,
To anchor safe in port,
In harbor calm and clear,
Past every bristling fort.
May Atrop'e's hand be stayed
For many years to come,
And white-robed peace her pinions spread
At the call of "Harvest Home".
May Hesta's fire long burn
All dross consumed this night,
The pure and glittering gold now shown
Give place to *Diamonds* bright.
We may not this behold
Before our sun goes down,
But trust that all assembled here
May wear them in their crown.
And now in quick response
To messengers in white,
Friends have assembled here
At the magic "Home to-night."
To toast this happy pair,
To celebrate the past,
And wish them "*Bon Voyage*,"
As long as life shall last.
Friends and neighbors all agree
In wishing them prosperity.

—RICHARD FOX.

November 20th, 1883.